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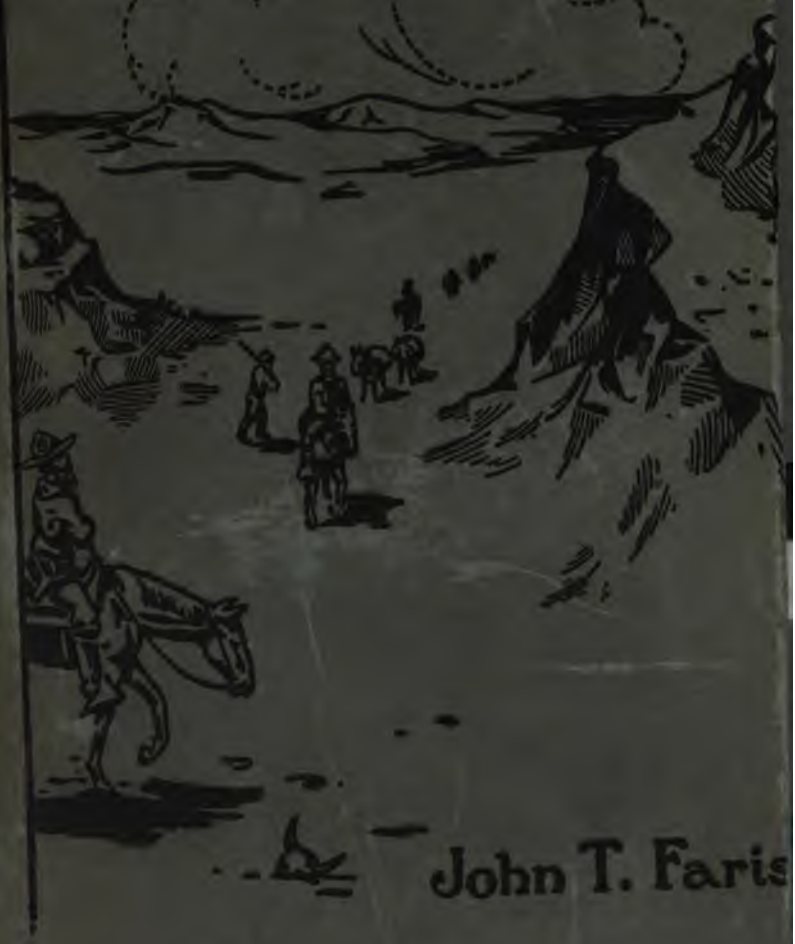
WINNING THE OREGON COUNTRY



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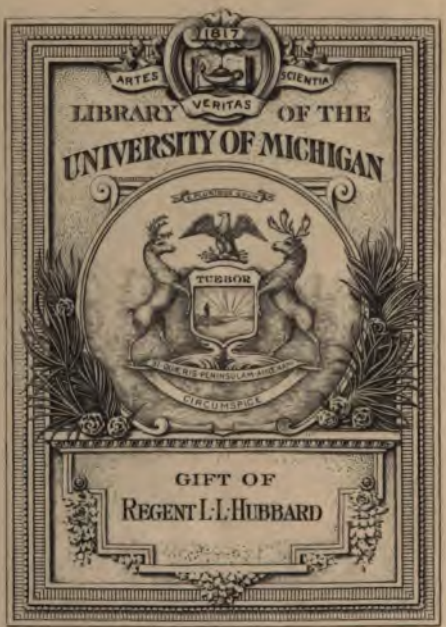
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COMING OF THE WHITE MAN
Statue, City Park, Portland, Oregon

UNIV. OF

WINNING THE OREGON COUNTRY

BY
JOHN T. FARIS
AUTHOR OF "WINNING THEIR WAY," "MAKING GOOD," ETC.

NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS
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TO
THE BOYS AND GIRLS
WHO LOVE
THEIR COUNTRY

Released - 49, 12-23-35

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PREFACE

Long ago you have learned that there is nothing more interesting than the story of a real hero. Your blood has been stirred as you have read of men and women who have gone to distant lands, and you have asked for more stories like these.

It is my privilege to tell you of men and women whose lives were filled with events as thrilling as any told of those who have gone to China or India or Africa or the islands of the sea. These events took place right here in our own continent. And the heroes were men and women who have a right to be named as pioneers with Daniel Boone and Kit Carson, or as patriots with Paul Revere and General Putnam.

I believe you will agree with me when you read of the three-thousand-mile bridal tour across the plains and among hostile Indians; of the narrow escapes in the mountains and on the rivers; of the adventures with the

Indians whom these men and women went to teach; of the four-thousand-mile ride from Oregon to Washington City, against time, in the dead of winter; of what Whitman and Lee did for their country; of that day of terror when frenzied Indians slew their best friends; and of the results of the work done by the martyrs who died at the post of duty.

May the reading of the volume be as inspiring to you as the preparation of it has been to me!

John T. Faris.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *May* 19, 1911.

THE LAND OF THE RED MAN

Winning the Oregon Country

CHAPTER I

THE LAND OF THE RED MAN

Hemmed in on the one hand by mountains tipped with the clouds of the sky, white with the snow that ages could not melt, and on the other by the gray and desolate ocean whose width measured nearly half way round the globe, "Oregon" seemed a fit symbol of remoteness and inaccessibility.—HINES.

One day in 1780 an excited sailor from the ship *Discovery* secured leave to spend the day ashore at Canton, China. He was not expected to return before night, but it was still morning when he rowed out to the vessel in great excitement. He could hardly wait to reach the deck to call out to his shipmates: "We've found a gold mine! You know that fur coat I got from the Indian at Nootka?[1]

[1] An island and Indian settlement on the west coast of Vancouver Island, at Nootka Sound. See map on page 6.

Cost me only a trinket worth twelve cents. Well, I've just sold it for one hundred dollars. The man who bought it wants to know if we have any more like it. Better take your coats and hunt him up while he is in the humor to buy."

And so other furs found their way to the shrewd Chinese purchaser, who knew that the sailors' soft sea-otter skins were worth much more than he was giving for them.

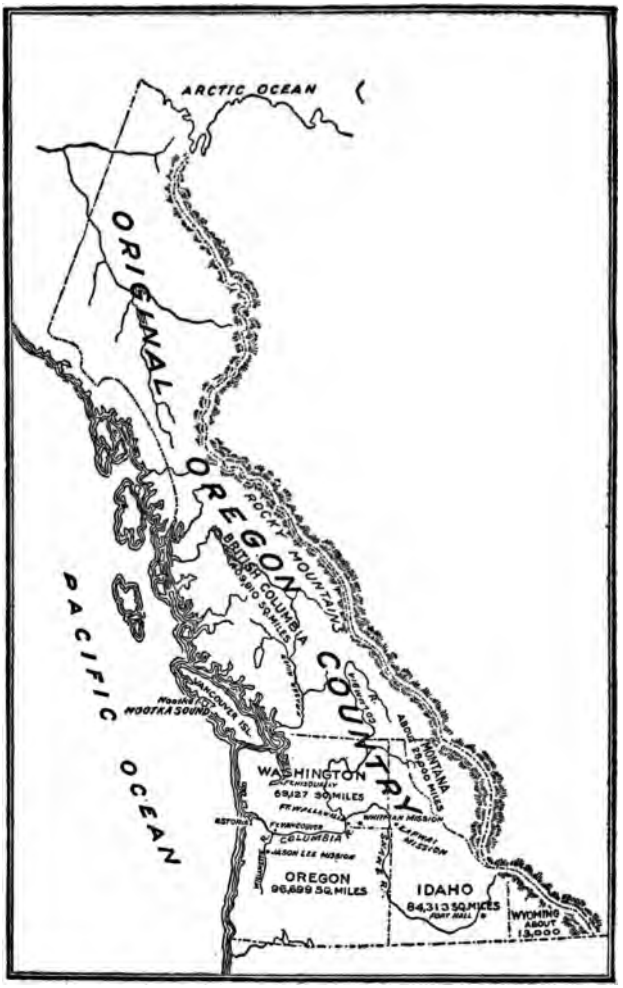
Soon all the men on the *Discovery*—as well as those on Captain Cook's second ship, the *Resolution*—were as excited as the sailor who had brought the good news to them. Only a few hours before they had been eager to resume their voyage home to England, after the four years they had spent with Captain Cook on his exploring trip to American waters. But now their only thought was to return at once to the friendly fur-clad Indians of Nootka Sound and the Oregon Country[1] near-by, who had been so ready to exchange valuable skins for trifles of glass and copper. They

[1] Oregon Country and Oregon are used interchangeably throughout this book for the territory north of California and west of the Rocky Mountains, as marked off by heavy line on map at end of book.

begged their officers to go back for a cargo of furs, and when their request was refused, they threatened to seize the vessels. But they were compelled to go to England.

When the news of the vast stores of furs to be bought for a song was scattered far and near, in England, on the continent of Europe, and in America, the people began to ask, "Where is Nootka Sound? Where is the Oregon Country? We never heard of this country, where the natives are dressed in furs worth a king's ransom!" Eagerly maps were consulted, but maps gave little information. One map, indeed, called the region now known as Oregon and Washington "the Mozeemlek Country," but more definite information than this it was impossible to secure. Even well-informed Americans knew more about Kamchatka than they knew about Oregon.

But now all was changed. The lust for gain led many traders to the region of the Columbia. Their voyages were successful almost beyond belief. One fortunate shipowner sold for three thousand dollars furs which had cost him an old ax. An Englishman easily collected five hundred and sixty


ARCTIC OCEAN
ORIGINAL
OREGON
COUNTRY
ROCKY MOUNTAINS
BRITISH COLUMBIA
PACIFIC
OCEAN
NOOTKA SOUND
VANCOUVER ISL.
MONTANA
WASHINGTON
69,127 SQ. MILES
COLUMBIA
OREGON
96,699 SQ. MILES
IDAHO
84,313 SQ. MILES
WYOMING
ABOUT
13,000

skins, which he sold for more than twenty thousand dollars.

The returning traders told of the country they had seen. They spoke of the forests in which thousands of Indians lived in savage luxury. These Indians hunted the elk and deer, fished in the streams for salmon and smelt and herring, and gathered clams from the beach. Their every want was supplied by a country that was capable of supporting many millions. And yet, as was soon learned, these Indians were not entirely satisfied. Even the degraded Chinook Indians felt that there was some Power greater than themselves. The Indians who lived farther inland were especially hungry to learn of the Power that created the world.

They tried to satisfy their hunger for knowledge by devising wonder-stories that told how the world was peopled. Among the Nez Percés, for instance, a myth gained currency which told of Kamiah, a monster that, merely by breathing, drew grass and trees and animals into his mouth. The Coyote god, determined to overpower the monster, tied himself with a grass rope to a mountain, and challenged him. The monster tried to draw

the god into his mouth, but failed. Then the Coyote god killed the monster, and scattered bits of his flesh to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west. Wherever a bit of flesh fell, there a tribe of men sprang up, until all the country was peopled. Thereafter the Coyote god was supreme, and the world was in charge of a keeper, instead of continuing the plaything of a destroyer.

To the explorers who visited this country in search of furs or in the vain quest for the Northwest passage, the Indians told the legend of the first ship that reached the land, perhaps about 1725.[1] A woman aroused her people by telling them she had found on the beach what she thought was a whale, but the sight of two trees standing upright in it led her to decide that it was a monster. On the trees were many ropes, and the body shone with its copper covering. A bear with a man's head came out of the whale and frightened her. When they heard her story the men of the tribe rushed down to the beach to attack the thing. To their surprise there were two man-faced bears. As they watched, the strange beings went ashore. Closer ex-

[1] Lyman, *The Columbia River*, 35.

amination led the Indians to decide that these were not bears, for they had hands like themselves.

It would not be strange, then, if the ignorant Indians began to watch the sea for the coming of those who would make known to them strange things about the dwellers in other lands. Many years passed before they saw a vessel. But one day in 1775 word must have been passed among those who lived near the mouth of the great river of a strange sight. Great white-topped canoes had come out of the sea. These were the ships of the Spaniard, Bruno Heceta, who had been looking for the fabled river of which explorers had told for centuries. The ships did not enter the river. They sailed away when the commander was still uncertain whether he had discovered a bay or a river.

Years passed before the entrance to the river was again seen by white men. It is strange that Captain Cook was not the first Englishman to enter the river, for he was several times just within reach of the promontories which guard the mouth. Captain Meares might have gone up the stream in 1788, for he came so close that Indians on the

shore could have distinguished the sailors on the deck of his ship, the *Felice*. But he passed on, and declared that there was no such river as that of which the Spaniards had told. When Captain Vancouver visited the coast in 1792, he decided that Meares must be right, though he passed so close to the headlands at the mouth that he could see the discoloration of the sea caused by the great volume of river water.

Then, one day in 1792, the Indians saw a ship pause long at the entrance to their river, only after nine days to pass on its way. This was the American ship, *Columbia Rediviva*, whose Captain was Robert Gray. He was sure he had found the long-sought entrance, but he was unable to enter because of the strength of the current. So he went on his way. A little later he fell in with Vancouver, whom he told of his purpose to renew the effort to enter the river. He asked the British captain to accompany him, but Vancouver declared that there was no river there. So Gray returned alone. On May 10, 1792, he reached the headlands. Next day he sailed up the stream until he was twenty miles from the ocean. There he anchored. From far

and near the Indians came to look at the strange visitors. In their canoes they swarmed about the ship, eager to see the white men at close range, or to trade their furs for the baubles offered by the sailors.

When the day was done and the Indians found their way back to the shore, how they must have talked of what they had seen to those who gathered with them about the camp-fires! What would they learn next day? What wonders were to be revealed to them?

The days passed, and the vessel remained at anchor. Then it sailed slowly up the river fifteen miles further, returned to the sea, and disappeared in the distance, carrying to the world the story of the discovery of the great river which was named for the *Columbia Rediviva.*

Thus the first great event that led to the winning of the Oregon Country was due to the enterprise of a man who came from the United States by sea. The second event of importance was a trip of exploration by venturesome men who made the journey from the East by land.

This journey by land was the outcome of a meeting in 1786 of Thomas Jefferson—the

writer of the Declaration of Independence—and John Ledyard, who had been with Captain Cook on his voyages to Nootka Sound. Ledyard's tales of the riches of the fur-bearing Northwest made the statesman anxious to secure the fur-bearing country for the United States. For a long time he studied to see how he could bring to Atlantic ports the peltries of the West.

He did not see his way to act till he became President. Then he persuaded two men to lead an expedition to the Pacific Northwest. They were not to go by sea, as other explorers had gone, but they were to go west by land, cross the Mississippi into the almost unknown country beyond, go up the Missouri to its source and see if they were not within a few miles of the sources of the Columbia. The men selected were Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark, young men who had lived on the frontier and had admired brave adventurers like Daniel Boone. Undaunted by the hardships that they knew must be encountered, they were eager to be on the way.

In 1803 the hardy young men set out.[1] In

[1] For route of Lewis and Clark, see map at end of book.

their party were about thirty others, many of whom had lived among the Indians. Their equipment was peculiar. They carried three boats—a keel-boat fifty-five feet long, which could travel in three feet of water when loaded with twenty-two oarsmen, and two small flat-bottomed boats. The sails of these boats could be used as tents at night. As the explorers rowed up the Missouri, two horses were led along the bank, to be at hand when needed for hunting.

The boats were loaded with a strange assortment of goods. In addition to the clothing, tools, firearms, and food, there were coats richly laced with gilt braid, red trousers, medals, flags, knives, colored handkerchiefs, paints, small looking-glasses, beads, and other trinkets with which to win the favor of the red men. President Jefferson urged the explorers to treat the Indians as friends and to assure them that the United States would protect them.

The journey was comparatively easy down the Ohio, up the Mississippi, and to the sources of the Missouri. But when, in the summer of 1805, the Rocky Mountains were crossed, and the travelers tried to find their

way over the Bitter Root Mountains, their real troubles began. "They must make their way over sharp ridges, through terrific mountain defiles, choked with fallen limbs and masses of rock debris....For nearly a month they threaded dark forests, over steep hills, rocks, and fallen trees; made their way along dangerous cliffs; crossed raging torrents, whose icy waters chilled both men and animals. Sometimes they encountered storms of sleet and snow, again the weather was very hot and oppressive. Most of the men became sick, and all were much reduced in strength. Food was so scanty that they were compelled to kill and eat some of the travel-worn horses,"[1] which they secured from friendly Shoshone Indians.

At last the party reached the Clearwater. There five canoes were built. The rest of the journey to the sea was simple; they had only to float down the ever-widening stream. Sometimes they had to carry their canoes around rocky barriers and rapids and waterfalls, but usually their way was open before them.

One day, while the men were at dinner, five

[1] Schafer, *History of the Pacific Northwest*, 84-86.

curious Indians visited the camp. They were received kindly, and were dismissed with a gift of tobacco which was to be smoked with the tribe when they reached home. After dinner the Indians were in haste to be gone; they began running and were still running when they passed out of sight. Later events showed that they paused not till they reached their tribe. Their report of the visitors so excited the braves that about two hundred of them, led by a chief, went out to meet those who had shown themselves so friendly. In their diary Lewis and Clark told of this visit:

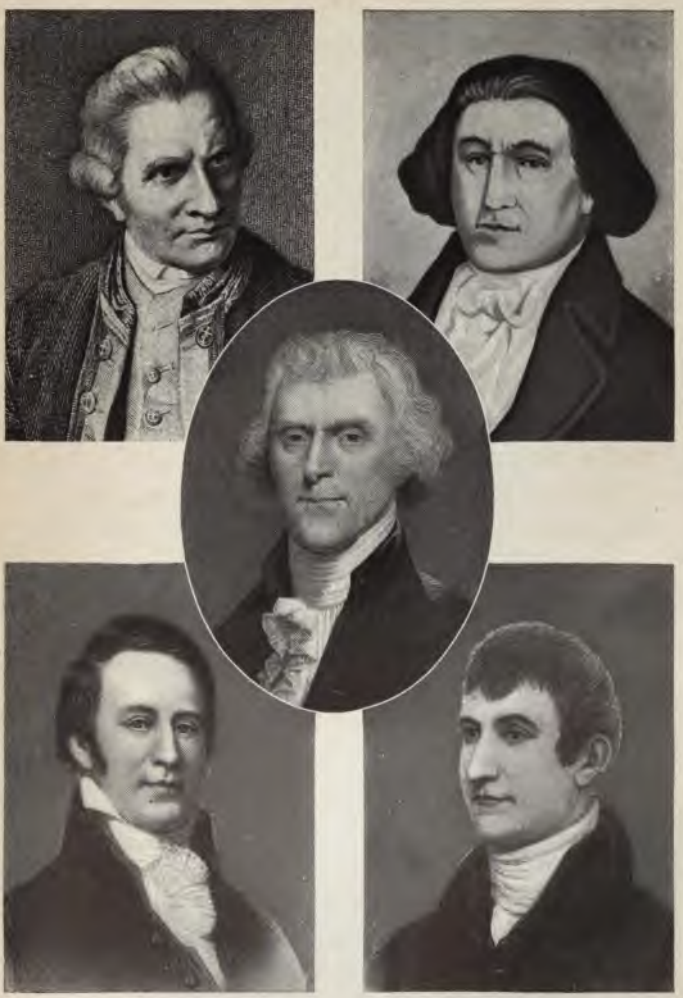
"They formed a regular procession, keeping time to the music, or, rather, noise of their drums, which they accompanied with their voices; and as they advanced, they ranged themselves in a semicircle around us, and continued singing for some time. We then smoked with them all, and communicated as well as we could by signs our friendly intentions toward every nation, and our joy at finding ourselves surrounded by our children. After this we proceeded to distribute presents among them, giving the principal chief a large medal, a shirt, and a handkerchief; to the second chief, a medal of a smaller size;

and to a third, a small medal and a handkerchief."

As the Indian visitors scattered to their teepees, they carried with them happy memories of the white men. And as they went out to fish and hunt they met other Indians to whom they told their pleasant impressions of the visitors who healed the sick and made peace between the nations. So from tribe to tribe the word was carried until all along the river the coming of Lewis and Clark was eagerly awaited.

At last, after nearly two years, the end of the journey was reached—the sea was in sight. "Great joy in camp. Ocean in view! O, the joy!" is the entry made in the journal of the party.

After spending a hard winter at the mouth of the Columbia, Lewis and Clark turned back by the way they had come. But first they told the Indians why they had come to this land. Then they gave some of the natives copies of a note which the recipients were asked to hand to any white men who might visit them. A rough map of the journey was included on the sheet with the note. One of these papers later reached Philadelphia in 1807, by way of



JAMES COOK ROBERT GRAY

THOMAS JEFFERSON

WILLIAM CLARK MERIWETHER LEWIS

Canton, China! It had been given by a faithful Indian to the captain of a trading vessel.

On a great pine tree near the mouth of the Columbia Captain Clark left another record of his journey which read:

"Wm. Clark December 3d 1805 by
land from the U. States in
1804 & 5."

Still another record was cut on the way home. In the valley of the Yellowstone, on a mass of yellow sandstone four hundred feet high, these words were left:

"Wm. Clark,
July 25, 1806."

But the best record of the journey was made in the hearts of the Nez Percés (the men of the Pierced Noses), who came out in force to meet the travelers when they reached the beautiful Kamiah Valley, in what is now Idaho—the valley named for the monster of Nez Percé legend. On May 11, 1806, the great men of the tribe met about the council-fire and talked with the white chiefs. Of course Lewis and Clark could not talk with the Nez Percés, but they spoke in English to

fort, a store and other buildings, and called the settlement Astoria. This was the first settlement in the Oregon Country. In 1812 reenforcements came both by land and by sea. Trading posts were opened at a number of points in the interior. The Pacific Fur Company—as Astor's Company was called—was now well established.

The Northwest Fur Company of Montreal sent an expedition overland into the new country. This reached Astoria in July, 1811. The two companies traded with the Indians until October, 1813, when the Pacific Company sold its forts and business to the Northwest Company.

The Hudson Bay Company—the rival of the Northwest Company—had also pushed its way to the Pacific, and was seeking a share of the fur trade. Side by side these two companies continued their work till they became one in 1821, under the name of the Hudson Bay Company.

Perhaps the Indians thought at first that the traders of the fur companies were superior beings, but they soon learned that these traders were only treasure seekers. They wanted furs, and their only thought of

the Indians was to use them in the capture of the sea-otter and other fur-bearing creatures. They were kind to the natives when they thought it paid them to be kind, but often they played the tyrant.

In time many of the poor Indians were reduced to actual slavery. For from five to fifteen blankets a strong man was bought and sold. Sometimes one of the Company's white hunters would own two or three of these slaves, whom he would take with him on hunting and trapping excursions. The slaves would fish and cook and care for the camp when out in the forest, and when at home would take the place of paid servants in the families of the men who claimed them.

But a better day was coming, when the Indians would learn that the white man had something better to teach them than the lust for wealth.

TWO THOUSAND MILES FOR A BOOK

CHAPTER II

TWO THOUSAND MILES FOR A BOOK

Taken altogether, it may be said that this event [the visit of the Indians to St. Louis], as preserved in these various ways, constitutes one of the most pleasing and significant, though pathetic, incidents in Indian history. It was, moreover, fragrant with results.—LYMAN.

When the Indians visited a fort of the Hudson Bay Company on Sunday, they would see a flag flying above the buildings which was not there on other days. When they asked what the flag meant, they were told something of the meaning of the day. Soon Sunday became known among the Indians as "flag day." Little by little they learned more of the meaning of the day. Some of the explorers who visited the country told them about God, the Bible, the Sabbath, and the religion of the white men. Twenty-four Iroquois Indians who came from across the mountains brought them word of some of the things they had learned from "the Black Robes," as the

Catholic missionaries had been called in the old home in Canada.

The old men told how, many years before, Lewis and Clark had talked to them of some of the same things. Those great white chiefs had said that the Christian religion was the secret of the white man's power, and that the Indians could learn of this religion in the white man's Book of Heaven. Some day, they had been told, missionaries would come from the country toward the rising of the sun, and tell them all about this Book.

The Nez Percé braves, who lived far in the interior, heard just enough of these things to whet their appetite for more. They did not know exactly what they wanted or why they wanted it. They did not think that the revelation they were eager for would make them like the white men. They had no wish to be like the white men. They were savages, and they would have been surprised by the suggestion of becoming anything but what they were. They loved to destroy their enemies. Ho-has-till-pilp, one of their chiefs, wore a collar of human scalps, ornamented by the thumbs of men slain by him in battle; and he was no exception among the men of

the tribe. Yet to their friends the Nez Percés were hospitable, quiet, and peaceable.

When at night the braves gathered about their camp-fires the conversation sometimes turned to the longing for the promised missionaries. As the boys grew to manhood and took their places with their fathers, they listened to the tales of those who had talked with Lewis and Clark and later visitors. And there were earnest ones among the young men who wondered as they heard what their fathers told them of the God of the white men and the Book that spoke of him.

One by one the old men died with their longing for more light unsatisfied, but there were still Nez Percé braves whose eyes were turned toward the East. Would the messenger never come?

Once they thought he had come when they met Captain Bonneville, a fur trader. He was surprised to note that they observed certain sacred days. Once, when they were about to set out for a great hunt, he saw them perform some religious rites. Then they offered up to the Great Spirit prayers for safety and success. Captain Bonneville was amazed by

these and other evidences of a deep religious spirit. When he found that they were eager to learn something of the white man's religion, he gathered them about him. "Many a time," he says, "was my little lodge thronged, or rather piled with hearers, for they lay on the ground, one leaning over the other, until there was no further room, all listening with greedy ears to the wonders which the Great Spirit had revealed to the white man. No other subject gave them half the satisfaction, or commanded half the attention; and but few scenes of my life remain so freshly in my memory, or are so pleasantly recalled to my contemplation, as these hours of intercourse with a distant and benighted race in the midst of the desert."

Those long talks with Captain Bonneville made them more than ever hungry for the mysterious Book of Heaven, which—they were told again—would be brought to them.

But the Book came not. Still they talked of it, for it had become the greatest thing in the lives of some of them. The things which had always had the first place seemed of minor consequence. They hunted, they fished,

they went abroad on forays, as they always had done, but wherever they went, whatever they did, the thought of the Book was not far from their minds. On their return home they would talk of their desires as they gathered about the camp-fires.

Then came a night when the silence which followed the talk about the white man's religion was broken by one of the old men:

"They do not come to us. Why do we not go to them? It is a hard trail of many moons, but we must have the Book."

At first the braves must have been startled. Go for the Book? How could they go? Where would they go? But all these questions were answered as the conviction came, "We must go."

The matter under discussion was so important that a tribal council was called, and it was decided to send five men to the East, charging them to go on till they found some one who could give them the Book of Heaven. Then the question was:

"Who shall go?"

It was finally decided to send three old men and two young men on the journey into the great unknown land beyond the Rocky Moun-

tains.[1] Volunteers were not lacking for the arduous undertaking, but from those who offered their services the choice fell on these men:

1. Tip-ya-lah-na-jeh-nin (Black or Speaking Eagle), whose grandson, Kip-ka-pel-i-kan, was afterward for many years a prominent farmer of the Kamiah Valley. Tip-ya-lah-na-jeh-nin was especially anxious to go, for he was one of the chiefs who talked with Lewis and Clark when they were in the valley.

2. Ka-ou-pu (Man of the Morning or Daylight), also an old man. His father was a Nez Percé, but his mother belonged to the Flathead tribe.

3. Hi-youts-to-han (Rabbit-Skin Leggings) was the nephew of Tip-ya-lah-na-jeh-nin.

4. Ta-wis-sis-sim-nim (No Horns on His Head) was only about twenty years old, but he was as much in earnest in seeking the light as the old men of the party.

The name of the fifth man who made up the

[1] Historians state that earlier attempts had been made. Several young men had been sent to a distant school that they might bring back knowledge of the Book. In 1830 an expedition had been sent to St. Louis for the same purpose. Evidently this expedition failed.

company has not been preserved. He proved to be a man of faint heart, for he returned after being with the party for two days. His excuse was that he was too old to endure the hardships of the way, but older men than he persisted, and their names are cherished traditions among the Nez Percés to this day.

What a story the record of that journey would make! But nothing is known concerning it. The survivors, true to their Indian natures, said little about their adventures: it was enough to report that they were faithful to their trust.

One who lived among the Indians many years and knew their ways has drawn a vivid picture of the weary way.

"We think of the hostile tribes through whose territory they went those two thousand miles, traveling by night and resting by day; we note the many interviews they had with doubtful bands, and the counsel of those whom they could trust. What little fires they kindled in secluded glens, which kept watch as silently as the stars watched the four! Now they feasted on venison, or mountain sheep, or antelope; and now, too prudent to

hunt, it was beaver or muskrat; no unsavory dish at a camp-fire, when one has for sauce a backwoods appetite."

Two thousand miles! It is a long, hard journey, even in a Pullman car on a limited train. But think what it must have been over a trackless plain, across mountains, through forests, down river valleys!

At last they learned that they were near a town where they might be able to learn what they wanted to know—St. Louis, then little more than a frontier post where a few thousand people made their homes. Early on an October morning in 1832 the eyes of the travelers were startled by the sight of the houses of the little settlement—the first town they had seen. But if they were surprised by the strange scenes they gave no sign. Stolidly they pushed their silent way on moccasined feet through the streets. They looked neither to the right nor to the left at the few men who paused to stare curiously at them, or at the women who peered at them from the windows. Of course the people looked at them. Ordinary Indians were seen mingled daily with the residents, and attracted no attention. But these Indians were so peculiarly dressed

and their features were so different from those of the red men of the Mississippi valley that curiosity was excusable.

They had not gone far when word was carried to General Clark, in command at the barracks, that four Indians evidently from a distant part of the country had come to town. Little did the general think that these were representatives of the tribe that had been so kind to "the redhead chief" twenty-five years before when, as a captain, he was the partner of Lewis on his great exploring tour.

But General Clark could not have received his guests more courteously if he had known who they were. Calling two of his officers, he asked them to go to meet the strangers and bring them to him at the barracks, where he would take care of them while they were in the city.

When the Indians entered the General's quarters, they greeted him with calm dignity, then took their seats in silence. He waited to learn their errand, but they had nothing to say. Had they not already waited long? Why should there be any unseemly hurry now? General Clark thought that they had probably come about some treaty, or bearing

a complaint against some action of the government or its representatives.

While some speculated as to their mission, others asked, "Who are they? Where do they come from?" There were many suggestions, but they were only guesses till a man who had some knowledge of the Indian tribes looked at them, and said they were the Nez Percés or Pierced Noses of the lower Columbia. As Nez Percés the tribe is known to this day—in spite of the fact that few of them pierce their noses. Sometimes they used a bit of wampum as a nose ornament, but it was not necessary to pierce the member to accommodate the decoration. The native name for the tribe was "Cho-pun-nish."

Days passed, and still the Indians said nothing as to the purpose of their visit. Some of the aides grew impatient, but General Clark had not dealt with the native Americans without learning that they must be given their own time. "Don't hurry them," he said.

While he waited patiently for the day when his visitors would speak, he planned amusements for them, and in every way treated them as honored guests.

At last the Indians told of their search. They wanted the white man's Book of Heaven. Would General Clark give it to them? They wanted to know of God as the white man knew him. Would he tell them? They wanted a teacher who would go with them to the Columbia and open to them the mysteries of life. Would he send one?

General Clark did not know just what to say. He told them a little about God—perhaps as much as he felt they could understand. He was a member of Christ Church (Episcopal), and he was eager to satisfy the seekers after God. But he had no Bible in any language the seekers used. And he was not in command of missionaries, but of soldiers. So how could he satisfy the request made by the children from the West?

All winter the Nez Percés waited, hoping to learn more than had yet been told them. But before many weeks the unaccustomed manner of living began to tell on the old men, already weakened by the hard journey. Tip-ya-lah-na-jeh-nin passed away, and was buried from the cathedral, according to the records still preserved. His long quest was ended, and he was satisfied sooner than any of his compan-

ions, as he saw face to face the God whose Book they were seeking. Not long after Ka-ou-pu died also. The sick men were tenderly nursed by Mrs. Clark, but she was unable to do anything for them but make their last hours easy.

After the death of Tip-ya-lah-na-jeh-nin, and while Ka-ou-pu was sick, there came to St. Louis an Indian who spoke and wrote English. He belonged to the Wyandotte Nation, then living in Ohio. He had been sent out by his tribe to look at the lands beyond the Mississippi, which had been offered to them by the government if they would agree to move. On his way he stopped to see General Clark. A letter which he wrote on January 19, 1833, to a friend in New York City, gave the impressions of the Nez Percés as formed by an eye-witness, and tells the history of the delegation:

"I was struck with their appearance. They differ from any tribe of Indians I have ever seen: small in size, delicately formed, small limbs, and the most exact symmetry throughout except the head. . . . From the point of the nose to the apex of the head, there is a perfect straight line, the protuberance of

the forehead is flattened or leveled. . . . This is produced by a pressure upon the cranium while in infancy.

"General Clark related to me the object of their mission, and, my dear friend, it is impossible for me to describe to you my feelings while listening to his narrative. . . . It appeared that some white man had penetrated into their country, and happened to be a spectator of one of their religious ceremonies which they scrupulously perform at stated periods. He informed them that their mode of worshiping the Supreme Being was radically wrong. . . . He also informed them that the white people away toward the rising of the sun had been put in possession of the true mode of worshiping the Great Spirit. They had a Book containing directions how to conduct themselves in order to enjoy his favor and hold converse with him; and with this guide no one need go astray, but every one that would follow the directions laid down there could enjoy, in this life, his favor, and after death would be received into the country where the Great Spirit resides, and live forever with him.

"Upon receiving this information, they

called a national council to take the subject into consideration. Some said, if this be true, . . . the sooner we know it the better. They accordingly deputed four of their chiefs to proceed to St. Louis."

In the spring, the two Nez Percés who were still living made up their minds to start on the weary journey back to their home valley. General Clark was a true host who knew how not only to welcome the coming guests, but also to heap upon them parting gifts. On the night before their departure, he gave them a banquet in his home. After the meal was over, he asked Ta-wis-sis-sim-nim to address the company. Then the silent man spoke words that stirred the hearts of his hearers as to-day—translated into English—they stir the hearts and bring tears to the eyes of those who read. This is the speech of "No-Horns-on-His-Head," as reported by many who have written of that eventful day:

"I came to you over the trail of many moons, from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly open for my people who sit in darkness. I go back

TA-WIS-SIS-SIM-NIM (NO HORNS ON HIS HEAD)
"I came to you over the trail of many moons"

with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms through many enemies and strange lands that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty! Two fathers came with us; they were the braves of many snows and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and teepees. They were tired in many moons, and their moccasins wore out.

"My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me to where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours; and the Book was not there! You took me to where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there! You showed me images of the Great Spirit and pictures of the Good Land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell me the way. I am going back the long trail to my people in the dark land. You make my feet heavy with gifts, and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, and yet the Book is not among them! When I tell my poor blind people, after one more

snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on a long path to other hunting-grounds. No white man will go with them, and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

The journey home was made as easy as possible for the two disappointed men. They were put on board a Missouri River steamer whose captain planned to go far toward the head-waters of the river—"the first fire-canoe that ever made the long trip of twenty-two hundred miles" to the mouth of the Yellowstone.

We know something of that trip through the artist George Catlin, who was at the time traveling through the West making pictures of typical Indians. He was so much impressed by the travelers from St. Louis that he asked them to sit for their portraits. These very portraits are now in existence, so that it is possible to-day to see what manner of men were these seekers after God. One has only to go to the Smithsonian Institution

at Washington and find the Catlin pictures numbered 145 and 146.[1]

In 1835 Mr. Catlin wrote in one of his Smithsonian reports:

"These two men, when I painted them, were in beautiful Sioux dresses, which had been presented them in a talk with the Sioux, who treated them very kindly, while passing through the Sioux Country. . . . When I first heard the object of their mission I could scarcely believe it, but upon conversing with General Clark, on a future occasion, I was fully convinced of the fact."

One of the two men was never to see his home again. Ta-wis-sis-sim-nim, who made the sorrowful speech at the banquet, died when near the mouth of the Yellowstone. Only Hi-youts-to-han was left of the four!

What a lonely time he must have had as day succeeded day during his tramp from the Yellowstone to his people.

Somehow the waiting Nez Percés in the Kamiah Valley learned that the returning delegation sent out so long before was near at hand. A large band went many miles to meet

[1] The illustrations in this chapter were photographed from Mr. Catlin's pictures.

the wanderers. For days they looked in vain for representatives of their tribe. At last their hearts bounded as they saw Hi-youts-to-han when he was yet a long way off. He was alone—perhaps he had left his companions a day's march behind him.

Eagerly they pushed on till they could hear the shouts of their comrade. What was he saying? Something about the Book! Did he have it? At length they made out the words, "A man will be sent with the Book!"

So Hi-youts-to-han found his way back to his home with a message of cheer on his lips, even if there was bitter disappointment in his heart. He hoped that a man would come with the Book, and he gave expression to his hope.

He did not hope in vain.

HI-YOUTS-TO-HAN (RABBBIT-SKIN LEGGINGS)
The only survivor of the party

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JASON LEE VOLUNTEERS

CHAPTER III

JASON LEE VOLUNTEERS

"Now there opens a chapter in American history, that for heroes and heroism, boldness of enterprise, plots, moral and physical daring, hardly has its equal in the brightest pages of fiction."—BARROWS.

Meanwhile the letter of the Indian agent—referred to in the last chapter [1]—found its way to New York City. It was published in the New York *Christian Advocate and Journal and Zion's Herald.*[2] Within a few weeks men and women and boys and girls were talking of the far-away Indian seekers after God. Imagination was stirred by the story from St. Louis, so like the Gospel story of the wise men who came from the East to see Jesus. In the cities and villages of New England, among the valleys and hills of New York and Pennsylvania, and among the pioneers in Ohio and Indiana and Illinois, the

[1] See page 36.

[2] March 1, 1833, p. 1.

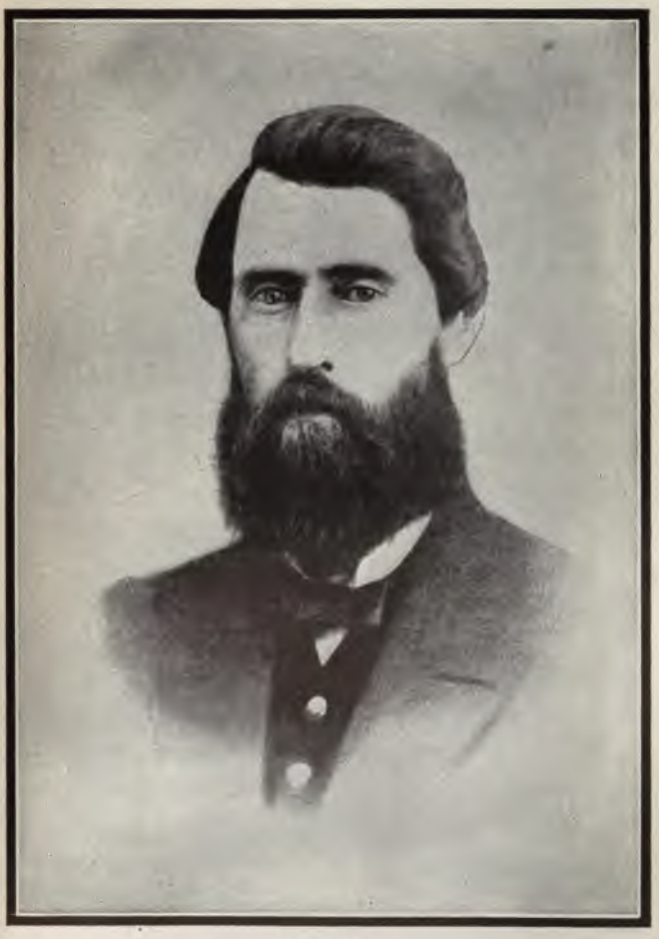
government had no knowledge of any such tribe as the Nez Percés, or Flatheads, as some insisted on calling them. But the laughter of those who found pleasure in saying, "I told you so," was silenced when Catlin the artist sent a letter of inquiry to General Clark at St. Louis. The General replied: "The story is true." At once Catlin said, "Publish it to the world."

Then Dr. Fisk was asked who he thought was the best man to go to the West. Without an instant's hesitation he answered:

"I know but one man, Jason Lee."

"And who is Jason Lee?" was the question that came to the minds of thousands.

Jason Lee was a muscular young man, six feet three inches in height, and thirty-two years old. He was the son of a pioneer Canadian farmer. After years of work in quieter fields, he went up to the forests where, though in company with the rough lumbermen, he steadfastly resisted the temptations of the logging-camp. While on a visit to his home he attended a revival meeting. There was a severe struggle with his will before he rose in his place and quietly declared his purpose to live a Christian life.



JASON LEE

"I have not forgotten the red men of the West"

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Jason Lee went back to work among the lumbermen for several years until he knew that God was calling him to be a minister. Then he worked his way through academy and college. He wanted to be a missionary to the Indians of the far West, but he became pastor of a church in Canada until God should open the way. A sentence from a letter to a friend shows where his heart was: "I have not forgotten the red men of the West, though I am not yet among them." The letter from Dr. Fisk, urging him to go to the Nez Percés, came to him while he was yearning for the Indians who had not the gospel.

There could be but one answer to that letter. Jason Lee decided to go West. He persuaded his nephew, Daniel Lee, to go with him. Two other campanions arranged to join the missionary party when it reached Independence, Missouri.[1]

That sounds so simple that one is apt to forget the heroic consecration of the men who were about to follow on the trail of the Indian seekers after God. They were to go to a region wild and unknown—a no man's land, by agreement between the United States

[1] For route of Jason Lee, see map at end of book.

and Great Britain, and it was to remain a no man's land for several years longer. They must travel through dangerous regions among Indians who might prove hostile. Their journey would be far more difficult than that made by the four visitors from the Columbia to St. Louis, for they were not used to the country, and they had no woodcraft to depend on. Their departure was made harder by the weeping of friends and loved ones who declared they would never again look on the faces of the missionaries.

But the difficulties before the beginning of the journey were conquered, as were the difficulties of the journey itself, by dependence on God whose messengers they were. Because they loved him, hard things became easy for them and their hearts were filled with joy.

Early in 1834 Jason Lee and his nephew crossed the Alleghanies to Pittsburg, went by river to St. Louis, and on horseback to the frontier hamlet of Independence on the Missouri River. There they had arranged to join the train of about two hundred hardy trappers and hunters who, like themselves, were bound for the far West. It was necessary in those days for travelers beyond the Mis-

"THEY HAD ARRANGED TO JOIN THE TRAIN OF ABOUT TWO HUNDRED HARDY TRAPPERS AND HUNTERS"

souri to keep together, for common defense against the Indians.

But aside from the fact that all were journeying toward the setting sun and the further fact that all feared the treacherous Indians, the missionaries and those with whom they traveled had little in common. The plainsmen were bound on a quest for rich furs; the missionaries were seeking the people who wished to know of God. How astonished the men must have been when they learned the purpose of the tall man and his friends from the East! Probably more than one of the company urged them to give up their folly and go on with them in search of the fortune which could be secured so easily. To all such invitations there would be but one answer: they had put their hands to the plow, and they could not turn back. Mr. Lee's only comment was written in his diary:

"These men incur more danger for a few beaver skins than we do to save souls; and yet some who call themselves Christians would have persuaded us to abandon our enterprise because of the danger accompanying it."

Then most of the men would turn from the

"fool missionaries" and go to their own tents, there to make night hideous with their yells and drunken shouts. But Jason Lee and his friends did not listen to the tumult. They were holding a little meeting for thanksgiving and prayer—thanksgiving that God had brought them so far on their way, prayer that they might be led over the uncharted plains and across the pathless mountains to their desired haven. And they also prayed that they might help their fellow travelers who were so far from God.

That petition was granted. Mr. Lee soon became a great favorite among the men. They admired him because of his ability to endure hardships with the best of them, his readiness to do his share and more than his share of the work of the camp and the trail, and his manly, straightforward ways. Before long they were listening respectfully to his words spoken in private, urging them to live more carefully. Again and again he would reprove rough men for their profanity. Some who knew the character of those to whom he was speaking would not have been surprised to see him shot dead for his words, but not once was there any trouble. One who was

in the camp at the time said later that Mr. Lee disarmed all criticism by the affectionate manner of his reproving words. One by one the men became his fast friends. Whenever announcement was made that he would preach, there was sure to be a respectful and appreciative congregation. Thus, even before the field was reached, the missionary was about his Master's business.

Some men would have said there was too much else to do, and they would have excused themselves from Christian work—perhaps even from Bible reading and prayer. But Mr. Lee was never too busy to remember that he was a Christian. His diary is full of just such simple statements as this—the story of one Sunday in May, 1834:

"Decamped early this morning, but losing the trail, came to a stop about one o'clock. The day has been spent in a manner not at all congenial with my wishes. Traveling, laboring to take care of the animals by all, cursing, swearing, and shouting by the company. Read some of the Psalms and felt that truly my feelings accorded with David's when he so much longed for the house of God. I have found very little time for reading,

writing, or meditation since leaving Liberty, for I am so constantly engaged in driving stock, encamping, and making preparations for the night, and decamping in the morning. But still we find a few minutes to call our little party together and commit ourselves and our cause in prayer to God."

For weeks they traveled through the buffalo country, where meat was to be had in abundance. Hunting parties were regularly sent out to bring in a supply of the animals. But soon game became scarce, and entire days were passed without eating meat. Even when meat could be secured, it was often impossible to cook it, lest prowling bands of Indians, seeing the smoke from the fire, should pounce upon the camp. At such times there was nothing to do but go supperless to bed. Many, however, could not go to bed at all; they must keep awake to guard the camp against the stealthy approach of Indians under cover of the night. Only by constant vigilance could they hope to win their way to their goal.

Soon after the party crossed the continental divide—where the waters flow on one side toward the Gulf of Mexico and on the

other side to the Pacific ocean—a party of Indians approached the camp. Instantly all were about to repel the expected attack. But there was no attack. It was soon learned that the Indians were on a friendly mission. Somehow the Nez Percés and the Flatheads had heard that the longed-for men with the Book were coming from the East, and they had sent representatives to welcome the visitors. A young chief named Ish-hol-hol-hoats-hoats was their spokesman. Eagerly he told Mr. Lee that his people were waiting for him, had been waiting for him long. He had only to make his home among them, and the best that they had was his. Let him choose his own place to live, whether among the Nez Percés or among the Flatheads. But he must hurry! They had waited so patiently for him, and now that he was near they could hardly contain themselves for joy and impatience.

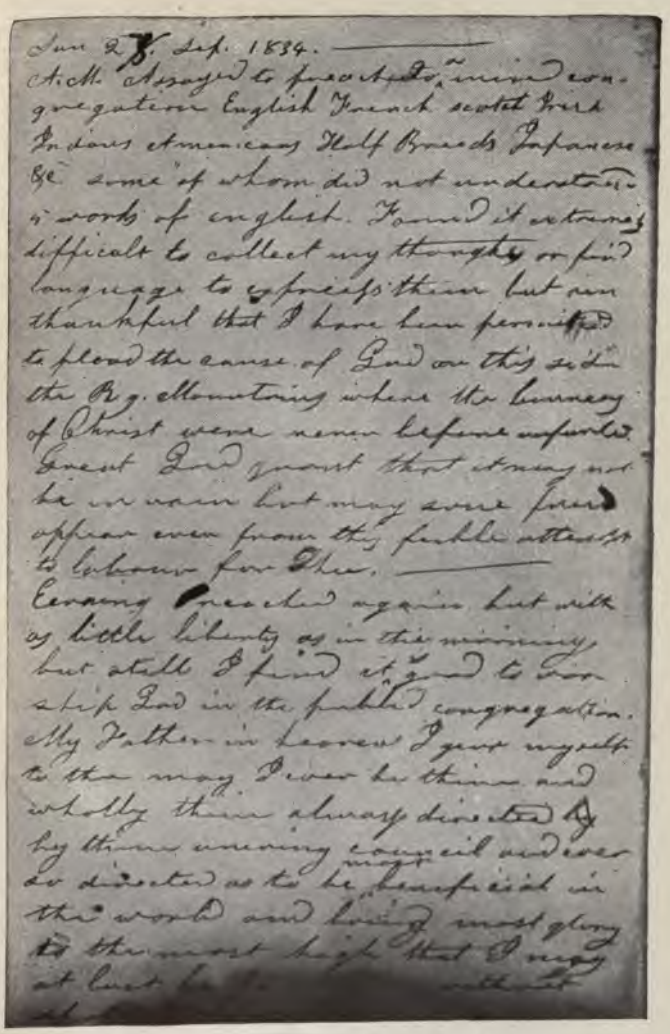
The hearts of Lee and his companions were deeply stirred. They wanted to follow the visitors at once, but they knew it would be wiser to study the country before deciding on the station for the beginning of their work. So once again the representatives of the In-

dians who were seeking after God sorrowfully turned back to their people, and, as before, they were without the Book. But this time the delay was not to be long.

For two weeks the hunters stopped to gather meat for the long journey toward the Pacific. The missionaries were impatient to be on their way, but they knew that they must have sufficient supplies if they were to succeed in pushing through a country where food was even more scarce than where they were. Yet even here, Lee could go on with his work. On July 27, 1834, he gathered the people to hear the first sermon preached west of the Rocky Mountains.

And what a gathering that was! Indians, half-breeds, French, Americans! There were many who could not understand the words of the preacher as he spoke on the text, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." But they were impressed by the earnestness of the speaker, and were proud to listen to the tall, strong, pleasant-faced man who had come on such an astonishing errand.

The day was not far distant when they would be able to understand the words as



PAGE FROM JASON LEE'S DIARY

well as the face of Lee. In writing the record of that day's deeds, the pioneer expressed his longing, "O that I could address the Indians in their own language." The longing was so great that he learned the language in a very short time. Again he wrote: "My ardent soul longs to be sounding salvation in the ears of these red men. I trust I shall yet see many of them rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. Lord, hasten the hour, and thou shalt have all the praise."

The first sermon on the Pacific slope was almost immediately followed by the first funeral. Three of the lawless hunters while horse-racing, crashed together, and one was killed. Then the Indians—if they could have understood—would have heard that death is not the end of life, but that there is an eternal life of joy to come, for those who love the Lord. Soon this truth was to be known to the Indians, and many of them, rejoicing to hear the word, would start on the road that leads to life.

Lee was tempted to stop and begin work among the Nez Percés. But he pushed on for two hundred and fifty miles down the Columbia to the fort of the Hudson Bay Com-

pany at Vancouver. The voyage was made on the Company's barges, now along the quiet stretches of the stream, again by portages around the dangerous rapids where sudden death claimed many a trapper, and even many of the Indians who all their lives had been accustomed to the treacherous waters. But God was with the missionaries, and he brought them safely through the dangers of the river. On September 17, 1834, they reached the end of their five months' journey, and stood before the fort at Vancouver. They were cordially welcomed by Dr. McLoughlin, in charge of the fort, who refused to accept payment for the passage down the river.

Now that Lee had reached the country in which his life was to be spent, he was still at sea as to the location of his mission. Where should he go? Everywhere were Indians who needed the gospel. "Eastward were the large nomadic tribes of the interior, inhabiting a beautiful country and enjoying a delightful climate. Northward the tribes of Puget Sound were located, dwelling on the Cowlitz and Nisqually plains, and girding all the borders of that inland sea with their camp-fires. Southward were the tribes of the Willamette.

The latter were the most accessible. Their home was not far from the great Columbia, the port to which all vessels visiting the great northwest coast turned their prows." It would be pleasant to be where he would have a chance to see all visitors to the country, and it would make life easier if he should settle down near the Hudson Bay fort. But he wondered if he could do his best work among Indians who were brought into frequent touch with white men from the sea and from the forts. He must put aside his own personal preference, and choose his location with the sole thought, How can I be of greatest use?

That motive led him to decide on a spot called French Prairie, on the Willamette, near a colony of Canadian Frenchmen and other old servants of the Hudson Bay Company. This was in the heart of some of the most beautiful country in Oregon, near the site later chosen for the capital of the state. Far-sighted Lee felt that this was the strategic place in the entire region.

Dr. McLoughlin, who was in command of the Hudson Bay Company at Vancouver, urged the location, because he felt that here there would be opportunity to collect the In-

dians around him, teach them to cultivate the ground, and teach them religion at the same time. Dr. McLoughlin later got into trouble with the Company for the help he gave the missionaries—for the Company did not wish to have missionaries in the country—but Dr. McLoughlin insisted on doing what he felt was right.

On the arrival of the vessel in which supplies for the mission had been sent to Oregon by sea, the missionaries set out from Fort Vancouver to their new home, in boats lent by Dr. McLoughlin. At once on reaching the spot fixed upon, sixty miles from the mouth of the Willamette, they hastily put up tents which were to be occupied while the first building was being erected. This was a log house, 32 by 18 feet. All about there were forests of oak, fir, cotton-wood, and maple, so that material was not lacking.

But Lee could not wait till the building was completed before beginning his work. He told the Indians that he wanted the children to come to school. One by one the shy boys and girls came to him, and he began to teach them before the roof was on the house.

How the fathers and mothers must have

watched the school from the edge of the forest! And what a strange school it must have been, where the teacher did not know the language of his pupils, and where the pupils chattered like magpies as they listened to their teacher's attempts to make them understand!

Thus the missionary came to the Indians of the Willamette. These were not Nez Percés, however; the Nez Percés were to wait yet a little while for the fulfilment of their dream.[1]

Stop to think how the first missionaries came to the northwest coast. The sea-otter's rich skin brought explorers and traders. Most of these men were too keen in their search after wealth for themselves or to show others the way to wealth, to give a thought to the welfare of the Indians, but there were a few who told some of them just enough of the white man's God to make them want to know

[1] "This was not only the introduction of Protestant missions into Oregon, but of civilization among the natives. Mining in the Northwest dates from that time. The policy of using the northern half of this continent for fur and peltry, after prevailing with marvelous exclusiveness, energy, and severity for a century and a half, was finally broken."—Barrows, *Oregon: The Struggle for Possession*, 117.

more. When no one came to tell them, the Indians took their long journey in search of some one who would come to them. Their journey led to the coming of Jason Lee and his company, and of other companies that followed.

MARCUS WHITMAN ENLISTS

CHAPTER IV

MARCUS WHITMAN ENLISTS

Whitman's perseverance demonstrated a great fact—the practicability of a wagon road over the Rocky Mountains. —GRAY.

"Well, well, if there ain't Marcus Whitman!"

The words were spoken during the singing of the opening hymn at a church service in Rushville, New York, on a Sunday morning in November, 1835. The staid worshipers were not accustomed to such interruptions in meeting, least of all from such an earnest member as Mrs. Whitman. But when they looked up to see her son Marcus walking up the aisle, followed by two Indian boys, they did not blame her. With difficulty they restrained themselves from rushing to welcome the traveler and his companions.

That must have seemed a long service to everybody present, including the minister. Perhaps for once, he shortened his sermon that he might listen with the rest to the tale of the wanderers from the West.

For Marcus Whitman had been West.[1] This much the people knew. Six months before he had set out for the Oregon Country, in company with the Rev. Samuel Parker, resolved to learn for himself if there was any truth in the tales of the Indians' desire for the gospel, and the presence in St. Louis of the Nez Percé chiefs. Though they began their journey months after the arrival of Jason Lee and his party at their station on the banks of the Willamette, no news of these pioneers had been received by their friends in the East—the day of fast mail trains over the mountains was not to come for more than a generation.

Dr. Parker had tried to be on the ground as soon as Jason Lee. In the spring of 1834 he had reached Independence, Missouri, but too late to join the fur traders on their annual trip to Oregon. So he had returned home, only to make a second start a year later. It was then that Marcus Whitman went with him.

[1] In his first journey toward the Oregon Country, he had gone just beyond the continental divide, in the Rocky Mountains, had there met a large number of the Indians, and among them some of the Nez Percés, and had then returned East to complete plans for starting the mission.

And now, after months of silence, he had returned. Dinner was late in scores of Rushville homes that Sunday. At the close of service everybody crowded about young Marcus and his Indian friends. Men and women asked eager questions. Boys and girls gazed in awe at the Indians. But when Marcus began to speak they forgot the Indians in their wonder at the traveler's tale. Their eyes danced. They pushed forward as far as they dared, fearful of losing a single word of what sounded like a chapter out of Cooper's *Spy*.

In imagination they followed the wanderers to the Missouri River country. They saw the company of rough traders, just ready to start on their long search for furs. They followed them as they passed the prairie-dog towns and the great herds of buffalo and the lurking Indians. They held their breath as they were told of narrow escapes from death while fording swollen streams, or while hunting, or while lost in the mountains. They gasped as they heard of the two thousand Indians who met the traders on Green River in what is now southwestern Wyoming. They breathed more freely when they learned that these Indians were not on the war-path,

wife, but he hesitated to ask her to take the long journey to Oregon. He told her his reasons. The way was long and rough. There were no railroads—it was only six years since the building of the first railroad in the East. Where they were going they would have to use canoes or horses; many times they would have to walk. Indians would be all about them—and Indians who had learned to dread the white man might prove dangerous neighbors.

Narcissa Prentiss laughed at the fears of her lover, and said she would go with him, of course.

But she would be lonely if there was not another woman in the party, so the marriage was postponed till Dr. Whitman could find a husband and wife willing to go with them. For a while his search was in vain. Then he heard of Dr. H. H. Spalding and his young bride, who were about to go as missionaries to the Osage Indians, on their reservation in Northern New York. He tried to reach the young people, but learned that they had already started for their new home. Whitman jumped into his sleigh and started after them. After a long pursuit he came up with them,

during a blinding snow-storm. There was no time for a lengthy introduction, so he shouted:

"Ship ahoy! You are wanted for Oregon!"

The surprised travelers stopped.

Dr. Spalding called:

"What do you want?"

"It is too cold to explain here," Dr. Whitman answered. "Drive back with me to the inn at Howard, and I'll tell you the whole story."

Soon the three people were seated before the blazing fire in the inn. A hundred questions were asked and answered. The story of the Nez Percés' hunger for the gospel was told, and a brief account of the exploring trip made by Whitman and Parker the year before was given.

"I have promised to go back this spring," Whitman continued. "I am to be married as soon as I return home. Then we are to go out to Missouri where we are to join the fur traders till we are met by the Nez Percés, who will show us the way to our new home. We'll live on buffalo and venison, we'll travel on horseback, and we'll spend the nights in tents

or rolled in our blankets on the ground. Will you go with us?"

Mr. Spalding wanted to say yes, but he feared for his wife's health. She had recently recovered from a long sickness. So he said to her:

"It is not your duty to go; your health forbids. But it shall be left to you after we have prayed together."

After all had prayed, Mrs. Spalding went off by herself to decide the question of her duty. Ten minutes later she returned, her face shining, and said:

"I have made up my mind for Oregon."

Her husband asked her if she understood what her decision involved. He reminded her of the perils of the three thousand mile journey, and the loneliness of the far-away home. But she was firm. Her only answer was in the words used by Paul when friends tried to keep him back from Rome:

"What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die [on the Rocky Mountains] for the name of the Lord Jesus."

Now there was nothing more needed but the wedding of Marcus Whitman and Narcissa

"SHIP AHOY! YOU ARE WANTED FOR OREGON"

Prentiss. From far and near guests came to see the missionaries take their vows, but there were no more honored guests than I-tes and Tac-i-tu-i-tas, the Nez Percé boys who were filled with joy when they learned that the bride was to go back with them to their home.

Then began one of the strangest wedding journeys ever taken—by rivers, across plains and over mountains to the mysterious land

"Where rolls the Oregon."

All went well till the Missouri River was reached at the point where the fur traders who had invited the missionaries to join them said they would wait. But when the appointed time for the traders' departure came, they started at once—four days before the arrival of the missionaries.

Dr. Spalding said they must not think of going on alone; they must return home. "The silent Whitman," as he was called, said only, "We will go on." Brave Mrs. Spalding carried the day by her determined words:

"I have started for Oregon, and to Oregon I will go, or leave my body on the plains."

So the missionary party hurried on their way alone, hoping to overtake the fur traders within a week or ten days. But it proved to

be a month. During this time Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman were the life of the company, encouraging the men when obstacles hindered them, and spurring them on when Mr. Spalding was tempted to say, "Let's go back." He didn't say this very often—but when he was "kicked by a mule, shaken by the ague, stripped by a tornado, not only of his tent but his blankets, and crowded off the ferry-boat by an awkward, uncivilized frontier cow," it is not strange that he was discouraged.

Dr. Whitman had provided a spring wagon for the two brides, but Mrs. Whitman preferred to ride on horseback by the side of her husband, leaving the wagon to Mrs. Spalding, who was not yet strong. On other horses rode the husbands, and Mr. W. H. Gray, who was to be the business agent of the mission station. Following these came two teamsters, in charge of the wagons bearing the supplies. Then there were the two Indian boys, who felt quite lonely till a third Indian boy joined them. How many things the boys who had been to New York could tell their stay-at-home friend! Mrs. Whitman wrote in her diary, "When the boys get together they

make a great chattering." The three boys proved quite helpful, for "they could swim the rivers like ducks; they took all the care of the loose stock, and were wise in the ways of the plains, and they could explain to any suspicious Indian the coming of the great medicine-men they were taking to their people."

The fur traders' caravan was overtaken on Loupe Fork. In the united party there were more than two hundred men to oppose hostile Indians. The attention of many of these had to be given to the six hundred animals taken along for food. The animals tempted the Indians, and it was necessary each night to camp with the stock in the center, around this the tents and wagons, and about the whole encampment a company of vigilant sentinels.

The experienced plainsmen shook their heads when they saw the wagons, and said it would be impossible to take them across the mountains. But Dr. Whitman insisted that they must go. He was not thinking merely of the comfort of those who would use them, but more of the great importance of proving to the world that a wagon could

be taken to Oregon. He was looking forward to the day when there would be in that country more white people than Indians, to be taught of God. Yet men and women would be prevented from making the journey by the statement that it was impossible to colonize Oregon by wagons. An English editor had said that American wagons could not go to the Columbia River, and Americans were believing him. It was Dr. Whitman's purpose to show the doubters that they were wrong. So he carried a wagon through with him to the Pacific slope, and thus he did what has been called one of the most important things for the whole future of Oregon.

The traders shrugged their shoulders when "the silent Whitman" said the wagon must go along. They said, "I told you so," when one night, in a bit of rough country, he fell behind with his beloved wagon, and came into camp "late, warm, puffing, and cheery, too, for he had had only one upset."

The Indians were much interested in the first wheeled vehicle they had ever seen. "They put into jerky syllables the sounds it made as it rose and fell and stopped in the soft grass and among the rocks, and called it

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'Chick-chick-shan-i-le-kai-kash.' " Do not those syllables remind you of the creaking of a wagon!

Through canyons, along creek beds, up rocky precipices, the wagon was pushed and hauled. Many times it was overturned, but still the Doctor would not listen to those who urged him to abandon it. At last, when the way became too rough for four wheels, he made the wagon into a cart, added the extra wheels to the load, and pushed on. He was compelled to leave the cart at Fort Boisé, and it probably remained there.[1]

Dr. Whitman had triumphed, and those who said colonists could never go to the Oregon Country were effectively answered.

"The work was done, substantially. The wagon and the two brides, Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, had won Oregon. The first wheels had marked the prairie and brushed the sage, and grazed the rocks, and cut the river banks all the way from the Missouri to the Columbia.[2] How many ten thousands have since been on the trail with their long lines

[1] Eells, *Marcus Whitman*, 44.

[2] The Boisé and Snake Rivers form one of the principal parts of the Columbia River system.

of white-topped canvas teams! The first white woman had crossed the continent, and not only witnessed but achieved the victory. . . . Oregon is already practically won. In going through, Whitman's wagon had demonstrated that women and children and household goods—the family—could be carried over the plains and mountains to Oregon."[1]

For many weeks of their journey the travelers had an abundance of food. In the buffalo country, where a single herd sometimes covered a thousand acres, the hunters could slaughter the noble animals at will.

In anticipation of later days when game would be scarce, the caravan paused to "jerk" or dry the buffalo meat. The jerked meat did not seem very appetizing, so long as fresh, juicy buffalo steaks were to be had, but when the herds vanished, all were glad to use it. Yet how they longed for a little bread to go with it! Once Mrs. Whitman wrote, "O for a few crusts of mother's bread; girls, don't waste the bread in the old home."

"That is the nearest to a complaint the brave woman came during all the trying

[1] Barrows, *Oregon: the Struggle for Possession*, 146.

journey, in spite of scorching sun, the clouds of alkaline dust that stung the eye and throat, the impure water they were compelled to use, the myriads of mosquitoes and buffalo gnats."

When, on July 4, 1836, the missionaries were at last over the crest of the Rockies, twenty-five hundred miles from home, they paused, spread their blankets, unfurled the American flag, and knelt in thankful prayer to dedicate to God the Oregon Country. With what astonishment the three Indian boys must have beheld the scene! The act meant more than the missionaries ever knew. One historian of Oregon says that it went far toward giving to the United States six thousand miles of Pacific coast.

After this notable Fourth of July celebration, the march was resumed. Word of the advance of the caravan was taken by Indian scouts to a party of trappers and Indians who were encamped on the banks of the Green River. "This exhilarating news immediately inspired some of the trappers, foremost among whom was Meek, with a desire to be the first to meet and greet the oncoming caravan and especially to salute the

two white women who were bold enough to invade a mountain camp. In a very short time Meek, with half-a-dozen comrades, and ten or a dozen Nez Percés, were mounted and away on their self-imposed errand of welcome; the trappers because they were 'spoiling' for a fresh excitement; and the Nez Percés because the missionaries were bringing them information concerning the powerful and beneficent Deity of the white men.

"On the Sweetwater, about two days' travel from camp, the caravan of the advancing company was discovered, and the trappers prepared to give them a characteristic greeting. To prevent mistakes in recognizing them, a white flag was hoisted on one of their guns, and the word was given to start. Then over the brow of a hill they made their appearance, riding with that mad speed only an Indian or a trapper can ride, yelling, whooping, darting forward with frantic and threatening gestures; their dress, noise, and motions all so completely savage that the white men could not have been distinguished from the red.

"The uninitiated travelers, believing they were about to be attacked by Indians, pre-

pared for defense, nor could they be persuaded that the preparation was unnecessary, until the guide pointed out to them the white flag in advance. At the assurance that the flag betokened friends, every movement of the wild brigade became fascinating. On they came, riding faster and faster, yelling louder and louder, and gesticulating more and more madly, until, as they met and passed the caravan, they discharged their guns in one volley over the heads of the company; and suddenly wheeling rode back to the front as wildly as they had come. Nor could their first brief display content the crazy cavalcade. After reaching the front, they rode back and forth, and around and around the caravan, which had returned their salute, showing off their feats of horsemanship, and the knowing tricks of their horses together; hardly stopping to exchange questions and answers, but seeming really intoxicated with delight at the meeting. What strange emotions filled the breasts of the lady missionaries, when they beheld the Indians among whom their lot was to be cast, may now be faintly outlined by vivid imagination, but have never been, perhaps never could be, put into words!

"It was towards Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding that the chief interest was directed; an interest that was founded in the Indian mind upon wonder, admiration, and awe; and in the minds of the trappers upon the powerful recollections awakened by seeing in their midst two refined Christian women, with the complexion and dress of their own mothers and sisters. United to this startling effect of memory, was respect for the religious devotion which had inspired them to undertake the long and dangerous journey to the Rocky Mountains, and also a sentiment of pity for what they knew only too well yet remained to be encountered by these delicate women."

Both women merited the honors they received. In Mrs. Whitman the trappers and Indians saw "a large, fair-skinned woman, with blue eyes, and light auburn, almost golden hair. Her manners were at once dignified and gracious. She was, both by nature and education, a lady, and had a lady's appreciation of all that was courteous and refined."

In Mrs. Spalding they saw one "talented and refined in her nature, but less pleasing in exterior. She possessed the true mission-

ary spirit, never thinking of herself, or the impression she made upon others, yet very firm and capable of command.

"When the trappers and Nez Percés had slaked their thirst for excitement by a few hours' travel in company with the Fur Company's and missionaries' caravan, they gave at length a parting display of horsemanship, and dashed off on the return trail to carry to camp the earliest news. It was on their arrival in camp that the Nez Percé and Flathead village, which had its encampment at the rendezvous-ground on Green River,[1] began to make preparations for the reception of the missionaries. It was then that Indian finery was displayed! Then the Indian women combed and braided their long black hair, tying the plaits with gay-colored ribbons, and the Indian braves tied anew their streaming scalp-locks, sticking them full of flaunting eagle's plumes, and not despising a bit of ribbon, either. Paint was in demand both for the rider and his horse. Gay blankets, red and blue, buckskin fringed shirts, worked with beads and porcupine quills, and hand-

[1] The Nez Percés had come about five hundred miles from the region occupied by the tribe on the Clearwater.

somely embroidered moccasins, were eagerly sought after. Guns were cleaned and burnished, and drums and fifes were put in tune.

"After a day of toilsome preparation all was ready for the grand reception in the camp of the Nez Percés. Word was at length given that the caravan was in sight. There was a rush for horses, and in a few moments the Indians were mounted and in line, ready to charge on the advancing caravan. When the command of the chiefs was given to start, a simultaneous chorus of yells and whoops burst forth, accompanied by the deafening din of the war-drums, the discharge of fire-arms, and the clatter of the whole cavalcade, which was at once in a mad gallop toward the oncoming train. Nor did the yelling, whooping, drumming, and firing cease until within a few yards of the train."[1]

Then came the formal greeting of the missionaries. They were welcomed to the best in the camp. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding soon won all hearts.

The Indians were not alone in their joy. Hardy frontiersmen, who had not seen

[1] Mrs. F. F. Victor, *The River of the West*, 202—206.

a white woman for years, looked reverently on the faces of the two brides. Years later one of them said, "From that day when I took again the hand of a civilized woman, I was a better man." And a trapper said, "There is something the royal Hudson Bay Company and its masters can't drive out of Oregon." He knew that the coming of the two women meant the dawn of civilization.

Here Dr. Whitman received his first mail —a letter from Dr. Parker telling of his successful exploration, his advice to found missions among the Nez Percés and the Cayuse, and his intention to go home by way of the Sandwich Islands to arrange for reenforcements for the missionaries who were for a time to hold the fort by themselves.

The Nez Percés were loath to see their new friends go on to the Pacific, but Marcus Whitman thought it best to have a talk with Dr. McLoughlin at Fort Vancouver. One old chief, when he saw that they were determined to go, decided to go with them, though his absence from home just at this time meant his doing without his winter's supply of buffalo meat.

Pausing only at Fort Walla Walla—where

Mrs. Whitman rejoiced in a meal of fresh salmon, potatoes, tea, bread, and butter, and in the sound of a rooster's crow—the missionaries pushed on to Vancouver, arriving there September 12, 1836, almost two years after the coming of Jason Lee.

The great-hearted Dr. McLoughlin welcomed these travelers as he had welcomed their predecessors, persuaded the women to remain at the fort while their husbands went back to find locations and build houses, and freely offered to help the men in any way he could.

In a few days Dr. Whitman fixed his eyes on a place for his mission on the banks of the Walla Walla, among the Cayuse. He called the mission Wai-i-lat-pu, the Indian name for the spot. Dr. Spalding and Mr. Gray went one hundred and twenty-five miles farther east to Lapwai Creek, near the site of what is now Lewiston, Idaho. There, among the Nez Percés, ground was marked off for a mission.

For three weeks the men lived in a buffalo skin tent; then they moved into a log house, forty-eight by eighteen feet, which the eager Indians had helped them to build. The logs

had to be carried from the river, three miles away, and it took twelve Indians to carry one log. But there was no lack of workers. One third of the new house was set aside for living quarters; the rest was to be school-room, Indian boarding-house, and church.

Thus the appeal of the chiefs at St. Louis had led to the opening of three stations; Jason Lee was on the Willamette, Whitman was at Wai-i-lat-pu on the Walla Walla, and Spalding was at Lapwai on the Clearwater.

At last the patient Nez Percés had their missionaries, but they waited till their plea had first brought teachers to others.

BLAZING A NEW TRAIL

CHAPTER V

BLAZING A NEW TRAIL

More than in any other part of the world the missionary history of the Pacific Northwest was its civil history also for the first decade and a half after the American people began settlement in it.—HINES.

There was great excitement in the teepees of the Indian dwellers on the Willamette when the boys and girls learned that they would be welcome at the big log teepee of Jason Lee and Cyrus Shepard. The parents did not understand exactly what was wanted of their children, and the children did not care to know. It was enough for them that there was to be something new in their monotonous lives, and it was enough for their parents that their children were to be taught about the white man's God. Perhaps they would have also the secret of the white man's strength, and so be able to be as great as were the traders who had been making slaves of them.

"Let the children go to the lodge of the white man," the fathers said. "We are too old to learn. We will hunt in the daytime while they are learning, and in the evening we will sit and smoke about the camp-fire, and they will tell us what the white men have told them since the rising of the sun."

Jason Lee understood Indian nature well. He felt that it would be difficult, just at first, to persuade the fathers and mothers to accept new thoughts and adopt new ways of life, but he was hopeful that the children would listen to him at once and would tell of their lessons at home. Perhaps, in this way, some of the men would be reached for a better life. At any rate, when the children should grow to be men and women, the life of the whole tribe might be changed.

So it happened that in many a lodge the question was asked, "Are you going to the great teepee to see how the white men live? Father says I may go. Come with me. They can't hurt us if there are many of us."

But Cyrus Shepard, one of Jason Lee's associates, had no thought of harming their little dusky-faced charges, twenty-five of whom were soon enrolled in the school. How

eagerly he looked into their eyes as he greeted them in the morning when they took their seats before him! Perhaps one or two of these very boys and girls would be great in their tribes. If only he might tell them of Jesus so simply and winningly that they would become Christians, and so be ready to make their influence count in the best way!

We are not told how that strange school opened. Perhaps there was a roll-call. The guttural names would sound very odd. Perhaps the teacher would think it was better to omit the calling of their names until he could rename his pupils John, Samuel, Joseph, Lucy, and Jane.

What a time teachers and pupils must have had understanding one another, just at first! But it was not very long till they were having regular lessons in English and even in the elements of science. Every day there was instruction in the Bible. Intently the children listened to the wonderful stories of men and women, boys and girls, of Bible days. They seemed so different from the wonder tales which they had heard from their fathers and mothers ever since they were able to understand anything. Why, these tales sounded as

if they really happened, and anybody could tell that the Indian wonder stories never happened at all!

They were especially fond of such stories as David and Goliath or Samson, for the boys were dreaming of the days when they would be fighting braves, and the girls thought that a good fighter was the finest thing in the world. But Mr. Shepard told them about One who would help both boys and girls to fight a bigger battle than was ever fought by the greatest braves of their tribe—the battle against sin. They were taught to love Jesus, as this Helper was called. Some of them soon showed that they were little Christians. At home they told what they had learned about Jesus, and their fathers would gravely say:

"Yes, we knew that the white men would have good medicine to give us out of their Book of Heaven."

Of course the children who went to school had to be supported, for they ate all their meals with the missionaries. They were taught to do all that they could to care for themselves. There was a large farm to be cultivated, and an active boy could be of so much use in planting potatoes or dropping

corn or raking hay. Then before the wheat could be made into bread, it must be taken to the rude mill that had been built twelve miles from the mission. Sometimes one of the boys would be trusted to ride the packhorse on which the wheat was carried to and from the mill, in saddle-bags made of elk skin which held a bushel and a half of grain on each side. During the rainy season, when it was impossible to go to the mill, wheat was boiled whole, and made into a sort of bread. When the ground was perfectly dry the horses were sometimes hitched to a home-made wagon whose wheels were sections of solid logs, while the axles were poles from the fir trees, the whole being made with the ax, the auger, and the shaving-knife. At first these were almost the only tools the missionaries had.

The pupils in the school did not object to the things they were taught, but they did object decidedly to doing work for the white men—especially the boys. "Let the girls work," they said. "Work is for squaws, not men." But there was no sign of rebellion until after the death of Ken-o-teesh, a bright boy who entered the school in April, 1835. He made good progress, and his parents were

pleased. But in August, when he fell sick and died, his brother decided that Mr. Lee and Mr. Shepard must be responsible; they had surely used some sort of bad medicine on Ken-o-teesh, or they had bewitched him. When the Indian medicine-man used magic over a patient, and the patient died, the medicine-man expected to be killed; and the white medicine-man must be treated in the same way. One night the brother hid himself at the mission, waiting to pounce on the unsuspecting missionaries when they should pass his retreat. His knife was sharp, and his heart was full of hate, as he thought with glee of the death of the two men.

But God protected them. One of the companions of the would-be assassin who had heard him boast of his purpose succeeded in keeping the missionaries out of the way of danger. Still, the boy had worked himself into such a fury that his thirst for blood had to be satisfied; so he went out and slew two Indians who were as innocent of wrong-doing as the missionaries.

At another time the work of the mission was hindered by We-lap-tu-lekt, one of the Cayuse Indians who had guided Jason Lee

when he entered Oregon in 1834. Soon after the school was opened We-lap-tu-lekt brought two of his sons to be educated there, and stayed near them for a little while. What he saw of the school pleased him so much that he soon moved his family from a distance, that all the children might have the advantages offered by the school. For a time all went well. Then two of the children fell sick and died, while a third was not expected to recover. We-lap-tu-lekt felt that the gods must be angry because he had sent his children to the white men's school. Taking his family he fled for his life back to his old home, wailing as he went that the school of the missionaries was a house of death. When, on the way, the sick child died, his cries were redoubled, and far and near was heard his warning to avoid the death-dealing school.

It was not long till the Indians for two hundred miles around heard the story, as it was circulated from one tribe to another. Many believed the words of the bereaved father, and refused to send their children to the mission on the Willamette. Others who had children in the school sent for them to

come away in haste from the evil influence of the white men's medicine.

The explanation of the death of the children was simple. The plowing of the prairie soil that had never before been disturbed released the germs of malaria, and the children, being the weakest, were the easiest victims. But the Indians were unable to understand any such reason as this. Even if they had understood, they would have said that until white men came the soil had not been disturbed. If they would only leave, the death-dealing fever also would leave. In their fear of death the Indians forgot their longing for the knowledge of the Book of Heaven which would take away the fear of death!

In spite of all these things the missionaries were able to persuade many of the parents to keep their children in the school, and for several years it was a busy place. But there was other work to do than teach the children and run a farm for their support. Their fathers must be taught to labor with their hands; they must learn to make a living from the soil as well as from the chase. As hunters they roamed here and there over the country, wherever the game led them. As tillers

of the soil they would be kept in one place, they would gradually become civilized, and they would be where they could hear the gospel not only once in a while, but whenever there was a preaching service.

Although Mr. Lee was so busy with other things that he had little time for manual labor, he understood that if he expected any one to listen to what he said about the necessity of tilling the ground he must set an example of industry. Day after day he guided the plow around the prairie, drove the oxen in the rough cart which he himself had made, or hewed the beams required for the addition to the mission property made necessary by its gradual growth. Slowly—very, very slowly indeed—others were led to follow his example, till in several places near the mission were little patches of garden. But it must be confessed that too often the men compelled the squaws to do their work, while they sat near smoking their pipes!

The hard-working missionaries found it difficult to think of carrying on a successful farm without cattle. Yet there were no cattle to be had. The Hudson Bay Company would often lend a cow or a yoke of oxen to a resi-

six hundred head were delivered at the conclusion of the trip.

Still another signal service was performed by Mr. Lee for the settlers and the Indians in the early months of the mission history. Already the Indians were falling ready victims to the white man's bad whisky. Fortunately, they were unable to obtain it through the Hudson Bay Company, but some traders sold it to them. In 1836 two men announced that they would begin the manufacture of whisky and rum. They were erecting their still when Mr. Lee and his helpers at the mission urged them to give up their purpose. They reminded them that they were breaking the laws of the United States and that they were also breaking the laws of God by putting temptation in the way of the Indians. The promise was made that if they would give up their plans, they would be repaid all money they had spent. The two men who had thought to become rich by the destruction of the Indians at first refused to listen to the pleas of the missionaries, but the later arguments proved so effective that they promised to withdraw and refused to accept a penny for their losses. Some have held that this suc-

cess meant even more to Oregon than the importation of cattle which could be owned by the people.

The missionaries were always busy. There were, of course, vacation months when the school was closed, but neither Mr. Lee nor Mr. Shepard could afford to take a vacation. When there was opportunity they would go off among the scattered Indians of the upper Willamette or the Tillamook Plains. The journeys were far from pleasure jaunts, though they were taken through some of Oregon's grandest scenery. As Lee looked on the beauty of forest and field, of mountain and plain, of sea and river, he dreamed of the day when the entire country would be peopled by the children of him of whom he had come to tell the Indians. With sadness he realized that his words seemed to have little effect. But still he sought the distant red men, going up and down the country till the figure of the tall, grave man could be recognized at sight.

For two years Jason and Daniel Lee and Mr. Shepard were alone. Then came a welcome party from the East. Instead however of saying, "Now work will be easy because

we have helpers at hand," Jason Lee at once began to plan for an increase of work. He had learned of the Umpquas, two hundred miles to the south, and among them he thought that a station might with profit be opened. But before he would send any of his associates to this distant point, he resolved himself to take the hard journey in the depth of winter, when the streams were swollen and the narrow trails were nearly impassable. His investigation saved others from a useless journey, for he found that it was unwise to open a mission there. Instead he determined to send some of his workers to The Dalles of the Columbia, among the Wasco Indians. Two ministers who had recently come from the East went to this new station in canoes, the trip requiring eight days.

The coming of the reënforcements opened the way for further teaching by example. One of the chief hindrances to successful work among the Indians of that region, as well as the half-breeds and the retired servants of the Hudson Bay Company, was the absence of real home ties. Marriages were unknown. There was no idea of the sanctity of the home. As yet none of the missionaries

in the party of Jason Lee had been able to teach what a real home was, for they had thought it best to begin work in the wilderness unmarried. But now Cyrus Shepard was to be married to one who had been waiting for his word to come out to him, and had made the journey to become his bride. A day was appointed for the marriage—Sunday, July 16, 1837—a day to be remembered because it was the time of the first wedding service on the Pacific Coast.

Under the trees the people gathered, missionaries, Indians, and settlers. "Besides the five from the mission house, there was not another white woman within two hundred and fifty miles, and but two others west of the Rocky Mountains. The mission school of thirty or forty children was there. Around the outskirts of the little audience a fringe of the dusky daughters of the forest, with scarlet shawls about their shoulders, with beaded leggings and moccasins, stood or reclined. The Canadian Frenchmen of the settlement, with their Indian companions and half-breed children, in decent attire, occupied seats with the Americans."

After a hymn and prayer, Jason Lee sur-

prised the company by an address in which he said:

"My Beloved Friends and Neighbors: More than two years have passed since God, in his providence, cast my lot among you. During this period I have addressed you many times and on various subjects, and I trust that you bear me witness this day that I have never, in any one instance, advised you to that which was wrong. I have frequently spoken to you, in no measured terms, upon the subject of the holy institution of marriage, and endeavored to impress you with the importance of that duty. It is an old saying and a true one that example speaks louder than precept, and I have long been convinced that if we would have others practise what we recommend, circumstances being equal, we must set them the example. And now, my friends, I intend to give you unequivocal proof that I am willing in this respect at least to practise what I have so often commended to you."

Then the Rev. Daniel Lee spoke the words that made his brother Jason and Miss Anna Maria Pittman man and wife. Everybody was surprised, for only these three had known

ANNA PITTMAN LEE

that the marriage was to take place. Then the groom took his stand before Cyrus Shepard and Miss Susan Downing, and married them.

At once the effects of the good example were noticed. A French Canadian asked to be married to an Indian woman. Later other settlers and Indians decided that they must have God's blessing on their homes, and they asked one of the missionaries to marry them according to God's law.

That July day was notable for two other observances—the first baptism and the first Lord's Supper in that great territory. An Indian youth was received into the church and baptized. The celebration of the Lord's Supper so impressed a young Quaker from New York State that he asked to be baptized just as the Indian had been baptized a little while before.

For fifty years that first white convert at the mission on the Willamette was an earnest Christian and one of the leaders of his Church in Oregon.

Jason Lee was a happy man that night. He had thought his work was unfruitful, and God had shown him the fruits. He had thought

he was to minister only to the Indians, and God had shown him that his work was to be to the white settlers also. He had been lonely in his work, and God had given him a companion and a helpmate.

THE FIRST TROPHIES

CHAPTER VI

THE FIRST TROPHIES

The task was stupendous; but the missionaries knew it was not impossible, and labored with exemplary courage. —SCHAFER.

Just in time for the Christmas of 1837 Mrs. Whitman reached their new home at Wai-i-lat-pu. The wolves in the thickets which fringed the banks of the Walla Walla were howling dismal greeting, but the brave woman smiled as she saw the snug shelter prepared for her.

She was too weary that night to inspect the place where she was to spend a few happy, busy years. She was content to wait for the revelations of the next day. She did not fear these, for she knew that her husband had been busy clearing land of underbrush, and building a house. She was content to think that he had done his best.

She had already seen enough of the pio-

neer life to understand that his task had not been easy, but she did not yet know of his long eight-mile trips to the nearest trees large enough to furnish logs for the house and lumber for the floors and the rough furniture. There was no sawmill then, so all the logs had been trimmed with the ax, and the boards had been sawed by hand from timber dragged to Wai-i-lat-pu by patient horses or floated down streams.

For six weeks the five men had toiled before they had built a house of one large room whose open fireplace was ready to glow with welcoming heat for the visitor, or, first of all, for the wife, without whom the house would never be anything more than a house. But when Mrs. Whitman entered the door, the house became a home.

How good the first breakfast prepared in that place by a woman's hands must have tasted, when next morning the men gathered about the rude table! With what joy, before the meal was begun, heads were bowed in reverent acknowledgment of God's goodness!

After the dishes had been cleared away Mrs. Whitman began to look about her, at the furnishings of her home. There were

From a drawing

NARCISSA PRENTISS WHITMAN

"When Mrs. Whitman entered the door the house became a home"

"chairs rudely made with skins stretched across them; table made of four posts covered with boards sawed by hand; stools made of logs sawed of proper length; pegs along the walls upon which to hang the clothing, nails being too expensive a luxury; beds fastened to the walls, and filled with dried grass and leaves."

Then she went to the door and looked out over the grounds about the cabin, and the river whose waters glistened in the morning sunlight. Her eyes filled with the happy tears of gratitude which found expression at once, as she took up the journal which had been her companion on the journey from New York, and wrote:

"We reached our new home December 10th, found a house reared, and the lean-to inclosed, a good chimney and fireplace, and the floor laid, but no windows or doors, except blankets. My heart truly leaped for joy as I alighted from my horse, entered, and seated myself before a pleasant fire, for it was night, and the air chilly.

"It is a lovely situation. We are on a level peninsula formed by the two branches of the Walla Walla River. Our house stands on the

southeast shore of the main river. To run a fence across, from river to river, will inclose three hundred acres of good land, and all under the eye. Just east of the house rises a range of low hills, covered with bunch-grass almost as rich as oats for the stock. The Indians have named the place 'Wai-i-lat-pu,' the place of the rye grass."

The missionaries were not satisfied to tell in their journals of their gratitude to God. Morning and evening—beginning on that first day in the new home—it was their habit to gather about the family altar. Mrs. Whitman's melodious voice was a great help in these family services. There were soon many unexpected listeners to her singing; the Cayuse would steal up to the cabin in their effort to catch every sound. They could not understand the words, but they could read the face of the "white squaw," and they loved her at once.

It was impossible to keep these Indian visitors out of the house. They would enter as if this was their right, curiously examining everything that attracted their attention. It never occurred to Mrs. Whitman to put anything under lock and key, and her confidence

in her guests was justified—nothing was ever stolen. In later months and years, as additions were made to the cabin, the effort was made to keep the Indians from the bedrooms, but in vain; they insisted on going into all of these. Slowly, however, they learned that Mrs. Whitman's private room was sacred.

There was an advantage in these visits to the house of the white man. The Indians saw that the white man's way of living was better than their own. Their lodges looked rough and uninviting as they returned from the missionary's quarters. This was exactly what Mr. and Mrs. Whitman desired. They knew that the Indians would wish to live better when once they had become dissatisfied with what they had. Many of the Indians were comparatively rich; their herds of ponies ranged far and near. One man owned more than two thousand horses. They were able to live more comfortably, but they wandered from place to place, driving the horses to fresh pastures, or visiting the salmon fisheries, or following the Hudson Bay Company's trappers, and they seemed to think that anything was good enough for a shelter for the brief time they remained in one spot.

Illinois to Oregon.[1] When near the Walla Walla River he overtook a Cayuse Indian, who, with his wife and children, was on his way from the buffalo hunting-grounds to Dr. Whitman's mission, where he planned to spend the winter.

At night, when seated with the Indians by the camp-fire, the traveler saw something that surprised him. Before beginning the evening meal, the Indian bowed his head and prayed! During the meal he frequently used the names God and Jesus Christ in the course of his conversation with his wife.

While the Indians ate, the traveler fell asleep. A little later he was roused by the sound of singing. The Indians were at their evening devotions! After the hymn the father led in prayer.

Next day Mr. Farnham reached Wai-i-latpu. His first sight of Dr. Whitman was while the missionary gave the morning directions to the Indians who were preparing to work in the garden and in the forest. Later in the day the school was visited. Forty or fifty children, from seven to eighteen years of

[1] *Travels Across the Western Prairies, the Anahuac, and Rocky Mountains,* Vol. I, 329-339.

age, and several older people, gathered in the shade outside the schoolroom, at the ringing of a hand-bell. Dr. Whitman used a blackboard in teaching letters and the formation of words and sentences.

No wonder the Cayuse[1] were kind to the Whitmans! They were eager to bring the best they had to them. Of course Dr. Whitman insisted on paying for everything. Once he bought ten horses, in order to have food enough for a company of expected guests, as the meat of the horse was used freely at that time in the Northwest. To supplement the supplies furnished by the Indians, the mission land was plowed until more than two hundred acres were under cultivation. Then, to care for the wheat, a grist-mill was built under Dr. Whitman's direction.

It would have been strange if the Cayuse had not been devoted to their teachers. Mrs. Whitman was an angel of mercy in their poor lodges, and her husband was never too busy to go among them when they were sick, and heal them or soothe their pain. "Surely," they thought, "the white man's

[1] An Indian tribe located on the Walla Walla River and the Columbia in the region of Wai-i-lat-pu.

medicine is good! We made no mistake when we asked them to stop with us."

However, the love given to the doctor and his wife was nothing to the affection bestowed upon little Clarissa Whitman, who soon came to make glad the home of the missionaries. "To the Indians she was a wonder and delight. Great burly savages with their squaws came from miles and miles away to look upon 'the little white squaw baby.' They seemed to think it a great privilege and honor to be permitted to touch the soft, white cheek with a finger. The old chief was one of her great admirers; he called her 'the little white Cayuse Queen,' and openly gave notice that he would make her the heir to all his wealth. To the sixty or seventy Indian children in the school, the baby was more interesting than their lessons, and the older and more careful Indian girls who were permitted to nurse and care for little Clarissa during school hours were envied by all others."

The delight of the Cayuse was boundless as Clarissa, when only one and a half years old, spoke their own tongue as well as she spoke English. In fact, she was more fa-

miliar with Cayuse than with her own language, because she was always with the Indian children. She began to sing almost as soon as she began to speak. At the family altar she learned a number of familiar hymns, and these she sang all day long as she wandered in the fields or by the streams.

One morning, when she was not yet two and a half years old, her father asked her, at the hour of family worship, what she wished to sing. She chose "Rock of Ages," and together the little company sang the words:

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Again in the afternoon, the hymn was sung. Many Indians were there and listened, especially to Clarissa's clear, sweet voice. "This was the last we ever heard her sing," Mrs. Whitman, later, sadly wrote in her journal.

After worship, Mrs. Whitman was busy with the supper, and lost sight of Clarissa. Unfortunately, not one of her little Indian nurses was near. She wandered off alone,

and was not missed for some time. Then there was a frantic search, in which the Indians joined. One of these took the path which led to the river, sixty yards from the house, ending at the little pier from which the water for family use was dipped. The sight of Clarissa's little tin cup on the platform led the Indian to fear the worst. He plunged into the stream, drifted with the current, and was carried against the body of the child. Regaining the bank, he ran with her to the house. There it was found that nothing could be done for her. She was dead.

For a moment the faith of the father and mother was shaken by the staggering blow. Then they went into their own room, shut the door, and poured out their hearts to God. Rising from their knees, they went about their work for others. Later, Mrs. Whitman took her pencil, and wrote:

"Lord, it is right, it is right! She is not mine, but thine! She was only lent to me to comfort me for a little season, and now, dear Savior, Thou hast the best right to her. Thy will, not mine, be done."

The death of Clarissa was a turning-point

in the history of the mission. From that day the Indians began to lose confidence in the missionaries and their teachings. Dr. Whitman and his wife labored for them more untiringly than ever, but the Cayuse were no longer impressed with the stories from the Bible. "If these things are true, why did the little white Cayuse Queen die?" they asked one another. "If the white man's medicine is any good, why couldn't they keep the baby from drowning? If they can't take care of themselves, how can they take care of us?"

This was the opportunity of the Cayuse medicine-men. They were angry as they saw their influence over the people gained by the missionaries. Now they took advantage of the Indians' expression of doubt to speak slightingly of the power of Dr. Whitman. The superstitious people listened, and the spark of distrust was kindled.

About the same time the Indians were displeased because they felt that Dr. Whitman had interfered with their personal liberty. They had been accustomed to listen to his advice, but now their hearts were bad, to use their own expressive term. The occasion was

a raid made by the young men against a tribe which they claimed owed them a debt whose payment had been asked and refused. In the raid the Cayuse succeeded in stealing enough stock to pay the debt and the trouble incurred in collecting it. Dr. Whitman urged that their method of debt collecting was not right. His influence was still so great that the Cayuse sullenly returned the stock to the rightful owners. But they nursed their anger against the missionaries.

There were some who, learning how the Indians were feeling, inflamed them further by hinting that Dr. Whitman was deceiving them by fine talk about helping them; they insisted that his only desire was to kill all the Indians and seize all their possessions. The coming of the settlers, whom Dr. Whitman encouraged, seemed to them to prove this statement.

Dr. Whitman and his associates were warned of their danger, but they insisted on remaining where they were and continuing their work.

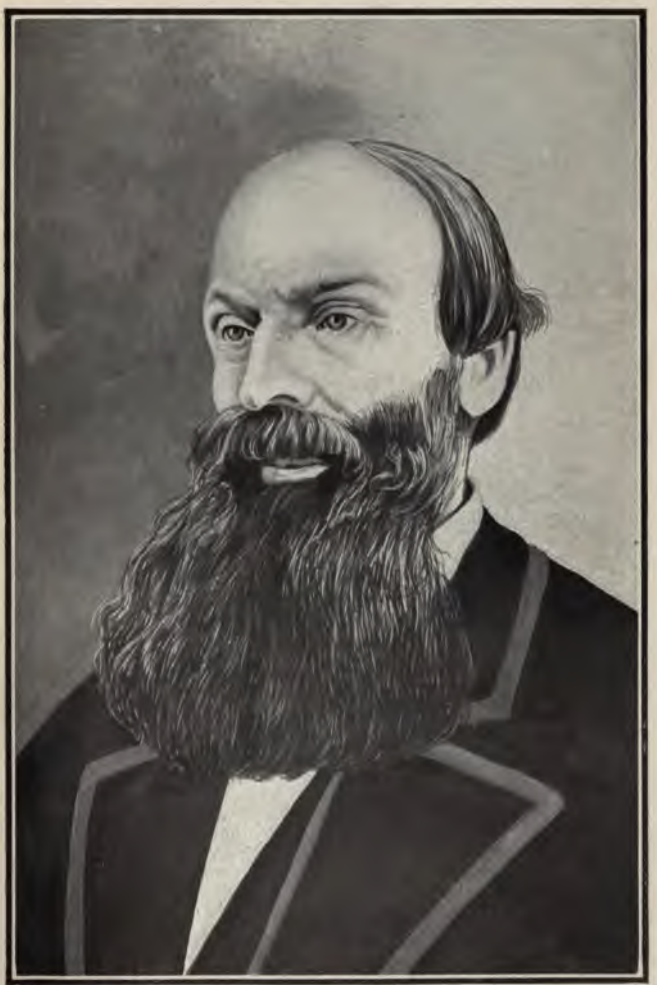
There were still a few who came to the school and gathered at the station for family worship. In some of the lodges were fathers

who persisted in having worship for themselves and their families, in spite of the sneers of neighbors, who felt themselves superior to the white man's medicine. Many of the fields which had been cultivated for a time were overgrown with weeds and briars, but a number of householders cared for their ground as usual and reaped the fruits of their industry. Is-ti-kus was one of these faithful ones. He never forgot the lessons he had been taught, but when he and all his people were banished to a reservation provided for them, he carried with him the old mission bell, and mounted it at the entrance of his lodge. Then, every Sunday morning, as long as he lived, he rang out the call to prayers which had been a daily sound on the banks of the Walla Walla. There was little response to the call, but for fourteen years the bell was rung.

While Whitman's efforts for the Indians seemed to amount to little, he had some opportunity to help the Americans. There were no settlers living within reach of Wai-i-lat-pu, as there were near Jason Lee's station on the Willamette, but the route of immigrants who were slowly beginning to come in

over the mountains passed by the mission oasis in the wilderness of savagery. The travelers were made welcome to the best the missionaries had. They were glad to stop and rest after their long, trying journey. Many of them were sick, but Dr. Whitman ministered to them so carefully and Mrs. Whitman nursed them so tenderly that the sick usually went on their way rejoicing. Once the death of the parents left to their care seven small children, the youngest of these only four months old. The little ones were adopted, and thereafter all their expenses were met out of the Doctor's meager funds. Later, four more orphans were taken into the home. The demands for food made by these children, as well as by the passing immigrants, were so great that it often became necessary to send for supplies to Dr. Spalding, at Lapwai, among the Nez Percés, one hundred and twenty-five miles away.

Dr. Spalding was really better able than Dr. Whitman to respond to calls for assistance, for the work at Lapwai had prospered from the beginning. The school taught by Mrs. Spalding was a delight. The Nez Percé children were quick to learn. The



H. H. SPALDING

parents became so interested in their instruction that many of them picked up the long tents in each of which a number of families lived and moved to the neighborhood of the mission. Then the men and women came into the schoolroom. What a picture they made as they sat on the benches built for children, and bent over the rude desks in the attempt to learn to write! With eager interest they followed Mrs. Spalding as she deftly drew pictures on the home-made blackboard, in order to make the Bible lesson plain. Some of the fathers learned to read a little, and many of the boys and girls became quite proficient. However, the girls took more readily to the lessons in housework and in knitting and sewing and weaving.

While Mrs. Spalding was in the schoolroom or the kitchen, her husband was among the people, out on the farm, working with his own hands, directing the work of others, or persuading the Nez Percés to work for themselves. The story is still told at Lapwai of a brave named Billy who won a bride who had been reluctant to say "yes" to his suit, because he listened to Dr. Spalding's appeals. One day, when Billy's heart was sore because

of the hard-hearted Indian maiden, he heard Dr. Spalding talk about the potato. "He explained how to plant and how to cultivate it. Then he pared one potato, and cut it in pieces. He handed Billy a raw piece on the point of his pocket-knife. Billy tasted it and pronounced it 'taats' (good). Billy's potatoes and garden the next year were the talk of the tribe, causing the young maiden who had rejected his suit the year before to reconsider the matter, and take him for a husband."

Many improvements were made on the mission property. A sawmill and grist-mill were built largely by the labor of Dr. Spalding and Mr. Gray. The women especially were glad of that grist-mill, for they were delivered from the slavery of the stone mortar, in which they had pounded the grain every day since being in the Western country. The millstones were of granite, three feet in diameter and a foot thick. They were brought forty miles from the quarry, on a raft! One of them may be seen to-day in the museum of the University of Idaho, at Moscow.

What was in many respects the most wonderful improvement of all was the printing-

press, whose product displaced the lessons Mrs. Spalding had been preparing by hand for her pupils. This press had been taken in 1819 around Cape Horn to Honolulu, in the Hawaiian Islands, where it was used by missionaries for twenty years. Then a new press was bought, and the island missionaries, learning of the prosperous Nez Percé mission at Lapwai, determined to send their old press twenty-five hundred miles to the pioneers in the wilderness. They knew that a press would be useless without a printer. So they sent Mr. E. O. Hall along to teach Dr. Spalding how to use it. From the ship the press was loaded on the backs of Cayuse ponies which were led more than four hundred miles across Oregon and over the Lapwai hills. When the boxes were unstrapped from the ponies and opened, it was found that, in addition to the press, there was a good outfit of type and printers' furniture, as well as a supply of paper.

A few weeks later, under the direction of Mr. Hall, the first book in the Nez Percé language—and the first book printed west of the Rocky Mountains—was completed. This was a little elementary primer of twenty pages,

"The Young Child's Catechism." The Gospel according to St. Matthew followed. Later, a Code of Laws for the Nez Percés was put through the press, and many hymns were printed. Books were prepared in other languages also for use at distant stations. The Indians treasured the printed pages as cherished possessions. Years later visitors to the lodges of the Nez Percés found battered copies of these early products of the mission press.

That press is another relic, for which the reader must look when he goes to Portland, Oregon. It may be found carefully preserved there, in the rooms of the Historical Society.

The work at Lapwai under Dr. Spalding was far more encouraging than that at Wai-i-lat-pu. A missionary who visited the station several years after the press was set up, wrote that he found one hundred and fifty children and as many more adults in the school, and that there was just as much interest in religious instruction. After a service they would sometimes spend the night repeating what they had been told. Before long from one thousand to two thousand peo-

FIRST PRINTING PRESS ON THE PACIFIC COAST

UNIV. OF WASH.

ple gathered to hear the gospel. The interest was so great that two thousand people publicly confessed their sins, and promised to serve God.

The first converts among the Nez Percés were taken to Wai-i-lat-pu and welcomed to membership in the church which had been organized there by the missionaries and their families on August 18, 1838—the first church in the Oregon Country.

In addition to the missionaries, the first members of the church were two natives of the Hawaiian Islands, and a French Canadian half-breed. The Cayuse looked on in amazement as the members of the church partook of the Lord's Supper. All but a few of them shrugged their shoulders when they were invited to receive baptism and sit at the Lord's table. Once in a while a Cayuse confessed Christ and joined the church, but there were not so many members from their tribe as from the Nez Percés at Lapwai. After some time there were twenty-two names on the roll, and the missionaries rejoiced. They had not been able to reach the hearts of many of the people, but they believed that those who had confessed Christ were sincere.

The earnestness of at least one—Timothy, he was called—was put to the test many years later, when a United States army officer was trapped by Indians on the war-path. The Indians were planning to massacre them, when Timothy guided the officer and his band through an unguarded place in the rocks and led him ninety miles to a place of safety.

PERILS AND CONQUESTS

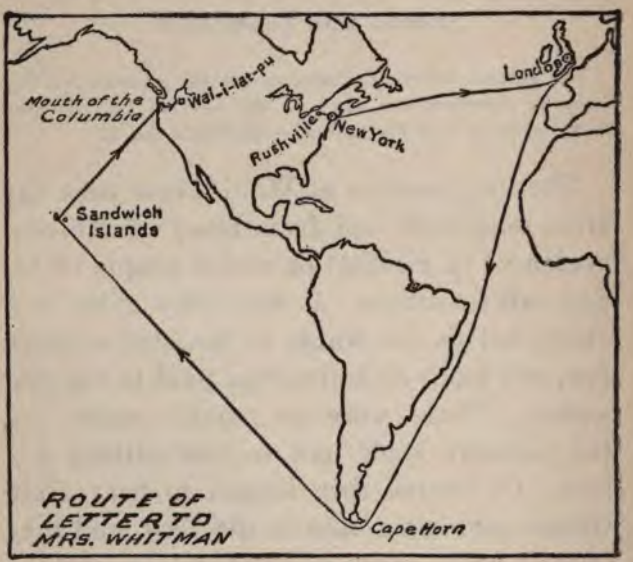
CHAPTER VII

PERILS AND CONQUESTS

The harvest indeed is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest.—MATTHEW ix. 37.

The missionaries at Wai-i-lat-pu were far from neighbors and from many of the conveniences of civilization which people of to-day call essentials. It was forty miles to a store, but as the wants at the station were few, not much attention was paid to the privation. There were no regular mails, but the pioneers knew how to live without letters. Of course they longed to hear from friends and loved ones in the East, and they eagerly read letters when these came by the annual pack-train which could be looked for just about the season of ripening corn. After a while letters came with some degree of safety by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Once in a while a letter could be entrusted

to a passing trapper or Indian carrier, but there was never any assurance that it would ever reach its destination. Mrs. Whitman's first letter from home reached her exactly two years and six months after she came to



Wai-i-lat-pu. It had gone to New York, across the Atlantic to London, around Cape Horn to the Sandwich Islands, then by the yearly sailing vessel sent to the mouth of the Columbia.

The distance from one mission station to

another was so great that few visits could be made back and forth, not only because travel was difficult, but because the time for the trip could not be spared from work. Once a year the missionaries from several stations gathered at Wai-i-lat-pu for conference. Then the station was a jolly place.

What good times the children would have with one another! They would make friends impartially with the white boys and girls, and with their little Indian companions. One who visited Wai-i-lat-pu in later years has imagined the scene when the children were together:

"Eliza Spalding may have carried the little baby on her back, tied on there in her mother's shawl, while Martha Jane trotted along at her side, with her Indian doll in a *te-kash* (baby board), which she passed over her head, the strap fixed so that the te-kash was high up on her back or shoulders. Playing mother by the little girls was just as fashionable in the log house near the mission station as it is elsewhere to-day. Henry Hart no doubt practised shooting at a mark with his flint arrow-heads, failing to shoot a bird on the wing as his little red

friends could easily do; then he would turn his attention to the magpies, of which there were plenty stepping around. All together the children would trip down to the shore and in the deep, white sand, hunt arrow-heads. They would look with great admiration at the wise Indian children as they capered about in the water diving and swimming across the river, the skin dress rolled up and carried over on the head of the swimmer. Or if they jumped in, moccasins and all, what did that matter? Mother would neither whip nor scold. She would only say, '*Es-to-es-ta wa-tu-taats*' ('My child, that is not good')."

When the morning set for the departure of the visitors was at hand, they would look longingly at one another, wondering how many months it would be till they met again. Once, when Mrs. Spalding and Mrs. Whitman had a brief visit at Wai-i-lat-pu—the first in two years—it seemed impossible to start. The visitors had a sense of impending calamity. "The Cayuse ponies were brought up to the house, with their plaited horse-hair bridles tied under the jaws and the wooden saddles adjusted. The pack-ponies were

piled high with provisions and tents for the journey." But Mrs. Spalding hesitated. Observing her reluctance to go, Mrs. Whitman drew her into the house, and they had prayer together. Then the journey was begun.

Mrs. Spalding's forebodings were justified. When the travelers came in sight of Lapwai, they found a deserted village. Practically all of the Nez Percés had gone away for a long hunt, taking their families with them. The few who remained explained that the absentees might be back when the snow flew, but they might not be back for a year.

Not much encouragement here for their return to work! But the missionaries had learned to take everything philosophically, and they resolved to go right on with their tasks exactly as if nothing had happened. The wanderers would be back some day, and they must be ready to greet them with good cheer. The return might be in the dead of winter, when the Indians would probably be half starved because they had had a bad hunting season. If so, there was all the more need to gather in the harvests at the mission, that there might be bread enough for the hungry.

A deserted station would not be a promising sight for missionary recruits who had just succeeded in pushing their way across the mountains, yet it was at this very time that a party of nine men and women came through Lapwai, ready to help wherever they were needed. It did not look as if they were needed at Lapwai, but those in charge had faith that there was yet work to be done there. Some went on to Wai-i-lat-pu. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman would have been glad of reënforcements, but they knew that other fields were crying out for laborers, so they silenced their own cry to have the strangers remain, and sent them on their way. Four of the party went to Thsi-ma-kain among the Spokanes. There they labored for nine years without a single convert. When they were advised to leave the field, they thought sorrowfully that their work had been in vain. They were mistaken. Years later there was a great change in the life of the Spokanes. But none of the first missionary party were there to see the harvest.

Another missionary in that little party went to Kamiah, sixty miles beyond Lapwai, where he hoped to build a station. Chief

Ellis was found, and his permission was asked to build a house. "Build a house, but put up no fences and plow no land," he said, gruffly. These Indians regarded the earth as their mother, because all things grew from it, so they felt it was sacrilege to plow the soil. However, in the spring the missionary thought that the chief was feeling differently about the plowing, and he began to break a piece of ground. Almost instantly the Indians surrounded him. With threatening gestures they shouted, "Go! Go! you must leave."

It was of no use to reason with them. Pausing only to make a canoe, the missionary took his wife and all his goods down the swollen stream to Wai-i-lat-pu. Their health was so much shaken by the experience that they soon left for home by way of the Hawaiian Islands.

It is good to read that those who were the ringleaders in driving away the teachers were afterwards heartily ashamed of themselves. Twenty years later the missionary in charge at the station at Kamiah told the Indians he had received from the banished missionary a kindly letter of inquiry, asking af-

ter the welfare of those who had ruined his work. The old men who heard it expressed regret, and showed by renewed loyalty to their leaders that their sorrow for the past was real.

The history of the Oregon mission is full of just such instances of the return in after years of bread cast on the waters. Perhaps the most remarkable was told of F. N. Grubbs, a son-in-law of Jason Lee, after a visit to Oregon in 1860. He knew that it had been Mr. Lee's habit to carry with him books and papers wherever he went, and to give these to Indians whom he met by the way. If he had opportunity, he would pray with them. Sometimes acquaintances told him that this was a waste of time, but Mr. Lee's only answer would be a smile. Mr. Grubbs was proud to think that he belonged to Mr. Lee's family, but he felt as others did that these wayside ministries of the first missionary in Oregon were rather useless. He changed his mind after a summer day when he was wrecked in a sailboat on the Columbia River. This is the story as he told it:

"After hours of toil and danger we reached the north bank, wet and worn, and

entered the lodge of an Indian. He was in feeble health. Our misfortunes seemed to arouse all his energies. He said he had heard of me, and that I was God's man; he was glad to see me. He then said that we both had one God; that he talked with that God every day. I asked him who told him of the great God he worshiped. 'The priest' was his reply. Immediately hurrying to the corner of the lodge he drew out a carefully folded buffalo-robe from beneath a number of other packages. Within this was a dressed deerskin, then that of a badger, then a piece of bright blue cloth enwrapping a small book. Holding it up, he exclaimed, 'This is God's book; the priest gave it to me.' On opening the book I was surprised to find it one of the early publications of the American Sunday School Union. He evidently thought it the Bible, and I did nothing to destroy the innocent illusion. I now asked him the name of the priest. His prompt reply was 'Jason Lee.' Then he told me that many years before he heard Jason Lee talk to God, and he had talked to God ever since."[1]

[1] Hines, *Missionary History of the Great Northwest*, 272-274.

The missionaries who traveled from station to station had many such accidents as that which brought Mr. Grubbs to the lodge of the Indian. Sometimes these ended fortunately, but often lives were lost. One of the saddest accidents occurred to 1838 to the Rev. David Leslie, with whom were Mrs. White and her babe—the first male child born in Oregon. On their way home from a brief visit to the mission at The Dalles, while passing the dangerous Cascades, the canoe filled and capsized, and all were thrown into the surging waters. Mrs. White was saved by the Indians and Mr. Leslie, but the babe was drowned.

Several years later a large party was making a river journey from Wai-i-lat-pu to The Dalles. There were six passengers in a large canoe, and five Indians. One of the passengers was the daughter of Mr. Leslie, who with Mrs. White had the narrow escape in the Cascades. At the head of the rapids above the falls four of the men stepped ashore, preparatory to letting the canoe down several rods further by means of a rope passed about a rock. The men fell into the river, letting go their hold of the rope. In-

stantly the canoe with all on board shot down a cataract. The unfortunate passengers were never seen again.

Daniel Lee was often in grave danger, but perhaps he was never nearer death than during a trip he made after cattle. The cattle were at the mission station on the Willamette, and were to be driven to The Dalles, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles. The way led through great forests, and across fearful gorges. There was no road—nothing but a faint Indian trail. For seven days Mr. Lee's party hewed a path through fallen trees, about thickets, and other heavy undergrowth. Then their food supply was entirely exhausted, and there was no sign of a way out of the forest. They had lost the trail. There was no game to be had. A horse was killed and part of the body was eaten for supper, while the remainder was dried for future use. The dried meat was eaten sparingly, but it was almost gone when an Indian village on the banks of the Clackamas was reached. Here they rested, and were set in the right direction for home, where they arrived fourteen days after the beginning of the journey.

Jason Lee, too, had a narrow escape when he was traveling in search of a site for a new mission station. He ventured among the Umpquas, although he was told that many travelers who had preceded him had never returned to tell the tale. Again and again it looked as if he would be shot from ambush. At last a Frenchman named Gonica insisted that he take with him as guide and interpreter his Indian wife, who, being a relative of the chief of the bloodthirsty band Mr. Lee planned to visit, could protect him from harm.

The day after leaving Gonica the destination was reached—three villages very close to each other in which lived some two hundred Indians. Mr. Lee and those who were with him rested in a tent half a mile from the larger village, prepared to wait—according to etiquette—until the Indians should come to them. For some time not a visitor approached them, and some in the party became alarmed. Could this mean that they were to be killed? Mr. Lee decided to wait no longer, and sent a message to the chief, asking for a conference. The answer was promptly made—three chiefs and fifty-five

warriors came to the missionaries, seated themselves in a circle, and coolly said that they were ready to hear what the visitors had to say.

Mr. Lee replied by telling very briefly why he had come from his far-away home to Oregon. He told them he had heard that the Indians were eager to know about the white man's God. It would have been far easier for him to stay at home, but he felt that he must go to those who were calling for the light. His friends did not want him to go. They had told him that he would lose his life. He was willing to die if he might first tell the Indians the things they needed to know. He had come to the Umpquas to tell them things that would help them. Did they care to hear?

There was a tense silence. What would be the result of this speech? Would the Indians act as friends had warned Mr. Lee and his companions they would do, and punish them for going among savages who made no secret of their enmity to the whites? They would soon know, for one of the chiefs was on his feet. They listened intently to his words, and this is what they heard:

"Great chief: We are very much pleased with our country. We love this world, and desire to live a long while in it. We very much desire to become old men before we die. It is true we have killed many people, but we have never killed any but bad people. Many lies have been told about us. We have been called a bad people, and we are glad you have come to see us for yourselves. All the white men we have seen before came to get our beavers; none ever came to instruct us. We are glad to see you. We want to throw away our bad things and become good."

After a brief service of prayer and praise, the Indians returned to their lodges, and the missionaries went to their tents. They feared nothing. But the wife of Gonica, and two Indians who were with her, were suspicious, and took steps against being surprised. Fearing that the treacherous savages would steal on the missionaries while they slept, the three kept a large fire burning before the tent. Then they watched all night long. Many times they caught sight of lurking Indians hiding behind trees, just beyond the light cast by the fire; evidently they were

waiting for a good opportunity to plunder the camp, perhaps to kill the missionaries.

Morning came, and the missionaries departed. The chiefs begged them to return, but when Mrs. Gonica told them of the night's experiences they felt that the task was hopeless, and they abandoned the idea of a mission among the Umpquas.

Just when Mr. Lee was feeling most discouraged because of such failures as this, a most notable revival began at The Dalles, and spread for fifty miles up and down the Columbia. A little while before the beginning of the revival the missionaries were arming themselves for protection against the Indians, for they feared an attack from them at any moment. Then some of the very men whom they feared most began inquiring the way of life. Almost at once there were so many inquiries that all activities at the mission were dropped in order that the Indians might be taught how to come to Christ.

An influential warrior named Boston sought Mr. Lee and said to him, "When I go home and lie down I think of your teaching, and I cannot sleep. I sleep little, and then I dream that I am in your meeting, and

my heart is all the time talking over what you say. My heart was formerly asleep, but now I see that it is awake."

One of the Indians was heard to make this prayer, only a little while after his conversion:

"O thou great God on high, we now pray to thee. Our fathers knew thee not, they died in darkness, but we have heard of thee; now we see thee a little. Truly we are wretched. Our hearts are blind—dark as night—our ears are closed. Our hearts are bad, full of evil, nothing good. Truly we pray now to thee. O, make us good. Put away our bad hearts. Give us thy Holy Spirit to make our hearts soft. O make our hearts good—all good—always good. Now we desire thee. O come into all our hearts—now come. Jesus Christ, thy Son, died for us. O Jesus, wash our hearts. Behold and bless."

Finally the interest became so great that a great camp-meeting was held near the mission on the Willamette. The missionaries took up their quarters in tents, which were surrounded by the teepees of the Indians; there were fifty of these, each accommodating thirty or forty people. For one week the In-

dians remained and listened to the gospel. Then one hundred and fifty whites and Indians were baptized and four or five hundred came together to receive the Holy Communion.

Of the hundreds who confessed Christ at this time, scores were still living the Christian life ten years later. A visitor to the region more than fifty years after the revival found several who dated their belief in Christ from the camp-meeting on the Willamette. One of these was William Mackindon, who was John C. Fremont's trusted assistant in the perilous exploration of the Western country which gained for him the nickname, "The Pathfinder."

The revival reached many who were students in the schools. Among these was the son of the chief of the Walla Wallas, Peupeu-mox-mox, or the Yellow Serpent. A few years later he gave the best sort of evidence of the reality of his conversion. He was at Sutter's Fort in California, where gold was later discovered. Some of the whites picked a quarrel with the chief's son, who refused to be drawn into a dispute. When he saw that they were determined to take his life, he

asked for time to pray. While he was on his knees he was shot through the heart.

The revival spread to the white settlers. One after another these gave their hearts to Christ. Finally a man who was known to have sworn to kill at sight one who he felt had wronged him, became a Christian. The man whom he had threatened heard of this, and he came to the meeting—perhaps to seek the man whose enemy he was. His face was dark as a thundercloud. Suddenly he fell on his knees and began to pray. Then he rose to his feet. He saw his enemy. They trembled, then rushed into each other's arms.

The work for the white settlers became more and more important as the Indians of the Willamette gradually disappeared. By 1842 there were so many white Christians in the neighborhood of what is now Oregon City, Oregon, that a church was organized among them, and a building was erected—the first church building on the Pacific Coast. The subscription list circulated among the members and their friends is still preserved. The names written there deserve to be remembered. Twenty-six men gave eight hundred and fifty-seven dollars, and two others who

FIRST CHURCH ON THE PACIFIC COAST

"Twenty-six men gave eight hundred and fifty-seven dollars"

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could not give subscribed five days' work. There were heroic Christians in those days.

JASON LEE'S DASH TO WASHINGTON

CHAPTER VIII

JASON LEE'S DASH TO WASHINGTON

To Jason Lee, more than to any other one, unless we except Dr. Marcus Whitman, must be attributed the inauguration of that remarkable chain of cause and effect, a long line of sequence, by which Oregon and the Pacific Coast in general became American possessions, and the international destiny of our nation was secured.—LYMAN.

For years the rich Oregon Country belonged to no nation. In 1818 an agreement had been made between Great Britain and the United States that this vast region should be open to both. This agreement was to last for ten years. In 1828 it was renewed for ten years longer.

When Jason Lee reached Oregon he found that there were many difficulties in the way of missionary work which could be overcome if Congress would only make the valley of the Columbia part of the United States. The development of the country was delayed by the presence of the Hudson Bay Company.

Settlers were needed if the land was to become a Christian territory, but the coming of settlers would drive the Company from a profitable field. Naturally, then, the Company opposed their coming. Something must be done to attract settlers and make their residence in the country possible. And the missionaries saw plainly that they were the men who must lead in the campaign for action. They did not for an instant stop to consider whether it was right that they should interfere in a political question, for they felt that the proper settlement of the political question was vital to the progress of the work to which they had dedicated their lives.

Of course the first thing to do would be to remind Congress of the needs of a part of the continent to which the government was giving little heed. It would not be easy to persuade the lawmakers to pay attention to a section so far from the East that months were necessary before a traveler could reach it.

Jason Lee saw his first chance to let Congress know how hard his associates were feeling when Lieutenant Slacum, of the *Loriot*—the man who had helped get the

mission cattle from California—was about to leave the Columbia for the Atlantic coast. At a meeting of all the white men within reach of the mission station on the Willamette (most of them were missionaries) a petition to Congress was written, asking that the protection of the laws of the United States be extended over the Oregon Country. Ready to help the struggling frontiersmen, Lieutenant Slacum took this with him to Washington, and made a report urging that the request of the missionaries be granted. The report was heard by Congress, there were a few expressions of surprise and interest, then the paper was filed away and forgotten.

But Jason Lee did not propose to permit Congress to forget Oregon. If necessary, he would go himself to Washington and plead for the territory. He had made up his mind that it was his duty as a Christian minister to secure the American occupation of Oregon, in order that the country whose future he saw with prophetic eye might be developed for Christ by workers who lived under American laws; and when Jason Lee made up his mind as to his duty he was not the man to turn

from it until God showed him he had made a mistake. Yet he was not a man who would act rashly.

The journey was thoroughly considered before it was undertaken. The counsel of his fellow workers was sought, and they united in urging him to go. When he argued that he ought not to leave the field, they assured him that the duty of the hour was to go to the East for the double purpose of stirring up Congress and arousing the Church to send reënforcements. He spent days in thought and prayer. In his journal he wrote: "I endeavored to persuade myself that it was not my duty to go, and tried to compose my mind to represent the circumstances and wants of the mission by writing."

He asked the advice of his wife, whom he had married only eight months before. She said: "I will not take it upon me to advise either way, and I will not put myself in the way of the performance of your duty. If you feel that it is your duty to go, go, for I did not marry you to hinder, but rather to aid you in the performance of your duty."

When he decided that duty said "Go!" he began to make hurried preparations for the

journey whose perils he knew by bitter experience.

Just before he left, a company of missionaries and other American citizens gathered at the mission and signed a petition to Congress which had been prepared by Jason Lee and several of his associates. Twenty-six men signed—ten missionaries, seventeen other Americans, and nine French Canadians—or three fourths of all the white male inhabitants of the Willamette valley.

The petition told of the fertile soil, the vast timber tracts, the rich pastures, the rolling prairies, the plentiful streams, and the mild climate. It spoke of the trade possibilities with Asia, and the nearness of the Hawaiian Islands, which must soon become civilized and dependent on the Pacific Coast country. It urged that the writers wanted a Christian country for themselves and their children, but that Christian people would not come unless life and property were made safe.

No suggestion was made as to how Congress should act, but the missionaries and their friends made it clear that they were ready and anxious to be loyal citizens of the United States.

The petition that meant so much to Oregon and Christianity in America was safely stowed away in the old trunk which Jason Lee had brought with him from the East, and which was his companion on all his journeys.[1] Then the journey was begun, in the early spring of 1838. After a dangerous canoe trip through the forests and the mountains, and a horseback ride of one hundred and fifty miles, he came to Wai-i-lat-pu, the home of Marcus Whitman, whom he now met for the first time.

What a subject an artist could find in the scene when the two stalwart missionaries stood face to face and hand in hand! The rough frontier dress, the six-foot form of Lee, the sturdy, vigorous presence of Whitman, the bronzed faces, the eyes glowing with consecrated zeal and eager determination to win that land for Christ—what more could an artist ask?

Three weeks were spent in conference with Whitman at Wai-i-lat-pu and with Whitman and Spalding at Lapwai. His hosts urged

[1] This trunk is still preserved, and has an honored place in the rooms of the Historical Society, at Portland, Oregon. See illustration facing this page.

"OLD TRUNK—WHICH WAS HIS COMPANION ON ALL HIS JOURNEYS"

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him on in the work he had undertaken, and promised him their help if help proved necessary in persuading Congress to action.

The day of separation came. The three men knelt on the bank of the Clearwater and poured out their hearts to God for a blessing on him who went and those he left behind him. Then Jason Lee bravely set his face toward the rising sun. Like Paul of old, he went "bound in the spirit," not knowing the things that should befall him.

A few weeks later he wrote in his journal:

"This day I am thirty-five years old. Thirty-five years, and how little I have done to benefit mankind! . . . Let me have grace to improve my remaining days, be they many or few, to the glory of God, and I need have no uneasiness about it. The Judge of all the earth will do right."

He did not know how soon his faith was to be put to the test. One night he was at prayer when a messenger came to him with letters from home. With trembling hand he opened the first letter in the package, only to read that his wife and their infant son were dead. For a moment he staggered under the blow. Then he thought of the words written

by his wife and given to him just as he was leaving her:

"Go, thy Savior will go with thee,
All thy footsteps to attend;
Though you may feel anxious for me,
Thine and mine he will defend;
Fear not, husband,
God thy Father is, and Friend.

"Though thy journey may seem dreary,
While removed from her you love;
Though you often may be weary,
Look for comfort from above,
God will bless you,
And your journey prosperous prove."

At once his heart was at peace. The Judge of all the earth had done right. With faith stronger for the blow and his recovery from it, he pushed on, all the more determined to carry on his work because she who had urged him to it would never be seen more on the earth.

The journey was filled with service by the way. He told the gospel story to a company of Indians. He did not understand their language, but the words he used were translated by one interpreter, who repeated them in another tongue to a second interpreter, who repeated them again to the wondering Indians.

Perhaps as the words finally reached the ears of the audience, they bore little resemblance to those first spoken, but the missionary had done his best.

At one camping-place Lee met a company of missionaries on their way to Marcus Whitman at Wai-i-lat-pu. He encouraged them by speaking of the opportunities for work among the Indians, told them helpful things about the road they must take, and joined them in prayer for God's guidance and blessing.

At Peoria, Illinois, he told a large audience about Oregon, and urged that families seeking a new home should consider going there. So convincing were his words that a company was organized which soon after found its way to the Columbia—the first company of American homeseekers to cross the Rocky Mountains. One of the leaders of the party was a man with whom Mr. Lee talked many times, urging him to become a Christian. He laughed at all appeals, but soon after reaching Oregon he wrote that he had become a disciple of Jesus. From that time he was a zealous worker for a Christian Oregon.

At Alton, Illinois, learning that a confer-

ence of ministers was in session, he entered the room in company with the five Indian boys who were his companions on the journey. The ministers stared in amazement for a moment, then they welcomed the strangers. Invited to speak to the company, Lee made an appeal for Oregon that touched many hearts and had its effect in bringing fresh support to the work.

The Indians attracted attention everywhere. They were manly boys, and those who talked with them were glad to know that far out beyond the mountains missionaries were teaching hundreds of their tribesmen. One of the boys who was given a chance to speak in meeting, showed not only that he had profited by the instruction he had received, but that he could teach a needed lesson to those who heard him. This was his speech:

"One thing I must have put in paper, that you white men no more sell Indians rum. He make it heself; he must drink it heself."

Lee's careful explanations of the needs of Oregon, and his appeals to the Church, emphasized as these were by the object-lesson of the Indian boys with him, influenced many

men and women to volunteer for service in the schools and at the mission stations. Arrangements were speedily made for twenty-one teachers and five ministers and their families to accompany the traveler when he returned to the West. Eighteen boys and girls were to go with their parents. The ship *Lausanne* was chartered to carry these recruits around Cape Horn to the Hawaiian Islands and thence to the Columbia.

In the meantime Lee sent to Senator Linn of Wisconsin the petition drawn up by the residents of the Willamette Valley. The Senator presented it to Congress. The members were astonished. Had they been making a mistake about Oregon? Was the country really worth colonizing? Was there anything in this paper from a lot of missionaries?

An inquiry was sent to Lee asking for further information. He could only repeat what he had said before, emphasizing his points, and urging the necessity for prompt and definite action. In closing he said:

"You are aware that there is no law in that country to protect or control American citizens. And to whom shall we look, to whom can we look for the establishment of

wholesome laws to regulate our infant but rising settlements but to the Congress of our own beloved country? The country will be settled, and that speedily, from some quarter, and it depends very much upon the speedy action of Congress what that population shall be, and what shall be the fate of the Indian tribes in that territory. It may be thought that Oregon is of but little importance, but, rely upon it, there is the germ of a great state. We are resolved to do what we can to benefit the country, but we throw ourselves upon you for protection."

For some reason Congress was slow to act on the information thus given. Nothing was done at the time but to authorize the use of five thousand dollars of government funds toward the expenses of the company of American citizens Lee was planning to take with him when he returned to Oregon.

The petition Lee had brought to Congress from the Pacific Coast and the letter he had written from the Atlantic Coast were filed away for future reference, to be brought to light at a later day. Then they were valuable helps in the fight for an American Oregon.

It is difficult to understand how Congress could have been so slow to act until we read the speeches of statesmen who opposed the petition for Oregon.

One senator is reported as saying:

"We are nearer to the remote nations of Europe than to Oregon."

In 1825 Senator Benton made a declaration that was quoted in Congress as late as 1844:

"The ridge of the Rockies should be forever a national boundary."

Such arguments prevailed, and no action was taken. But the colonists, guided by the missionaries, would yet compel the action of Congress.

MARCUS WHITMAN'S PERILOUS RIDE

CHAPTER IX

MARCUS WHITMAN'S PERILOUS RIDE

I am prepared to say that to my mind there is not the shadow of a doubt that Dr. Whitman, by his efforts with President Tyler and Secretary Webster in 1843, and his agency during the same year in conducting an immigrant train from the Western frontier to the Columbia River, was instrumental in saving a valuable portion of the West to the United States.—EELLS.

More than two years had passed since Jason Lee's return from the East, and there was no evidence of activity on the part of Congress. Marcus Whitman felt that it was time to make another effort to persuade the authorities to come to the relief of the Americans in the Oregon Country. Canadian settlers were coming to the upper valley of the Columbia, three hundred and fifty miles away. They had been brought over the mountains by the agents of the Hudson Bay Company, who knew that the Oregon Country would finally be possessed by the nation that

first succeeded in settling it. There were already many Americans in the region, but it was thought that the migration from Canada would give to British citizens so much power that American citizens would be compelled to give up their plan to make the country their own.

The devoted Whitman was vitally interested in the future of the country. He had come out from the East as a missionary to the Indians, and he was doing his best to give the gospel to the red men. But he knew that white men would come who would know how to make better use than the Indians of the fertile valleys and the mountains rich in ore. As the Indians gave way to their successors, he would have to change his method of work and preach and teach the settlers. Was it not proper to look forward to this time and by every means in his power prepare to accomplish his task? And how could his task be accomplished unless the United States should be in control of the country?

He recalled his talk with the missionaries who felt just as he did. In his mind he went back to those spring days in 1838 when he had gone over the whole ground with Jason

Lee, who was then on his way to Washington to urge Congress to take action making Oregon American territory. Jason Lee had returned with the word that Congress did not seem ready to act, but hopeful that it would do so before it was too late. He had inspired others with the same hope, and their hope seemed to be well grounded because of the company of fifty-one whom Lee had piloted back with him. The knowledge that of the one hundred and fifty white people in Oregon the Americans had a large majority had caused them to feel secure. And when, in 1842, one hundred and twenty-five more Americans came in, it seemed that the land was won.

But Whitman had heard of the coming of one hundred and fifty British subjects. He could not permit himself to rest longer in fancied security. It was the time to act, and to act decisively. Congress must grasp Oregon and hold it.

How could Congress be persuaded to take action? Who could write a letter that would inspire with the vision of the coming West the men who lived in the East? And how could the letter be taken to Washington in

time? Some one should go to Washington and at once. Who would go?

The questions were unanswerable—till Marcus Whitman answered them by saying decisively:

"I will go!"

He consulted his wife. She said, "Go!" He talked to his associates. They, too, after some hesitation, said "Go!" He talked to General Lovejoy, who had come out with the last party of American immigrants, and he said, "Go, and I will go with you!"

The travelers set out on October 3, 1842, taking with them a number of Indians who were to guide them by a new route over the mountains.

As Dr. Marcus Whitman mounted his mule, ready to begin his long ride of nearly four thousand miles, he said:

"My life is of little worth if I can save this country to the American people."

Those who heard wondered if Whitman would indeed pay for his trip with his life.[1] It was already late in the autumn. He would have to travel over the mountains in the depth of winter. They had tried to persuade

[1] For route see map at end of book.

WHITMAN'S PARTY STARTING EAST
"The travellers set out on October 3, 1842"

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him to wait till spring, but his answer had been that he could not wait, for it was only five months till Congress would adjourn. He knew the grave danger of the winter journey, but he would not delay because of danger. If it was in man's power to push through to Washington, he would succeed.

In eleven days Whitman was at Fort Hall, six hundred and forty-five miles on his way. There he met Captain Grant, a man who, six years before had done his best to persuade him to leave his wagon by the roadside. Once again attempt was made to discourage him. He was told that the trip he proposed was foolhardy in the winter season. Snow was already twenty feet deep in the mountains, and no one knew how much deeper it might be. Streams would be raging torrents. How could he hope to survive these perils?

But Marcus Whitman only smiled, and pressed on. The Indian guides returned and other guides were secured who agreed to lead the way south to New Mexico. The new route would be much longer, but the region of snow would be sooner crossed. He was the first white man to take that route, and a new way was always perilous. But he must be in

Washington before March 4, when Congress would adjourn.

Some distance south from Fort Hall a severe snow-storm began. Progress was slow because of the drifts. No sooner was this storm safely left behind than another burst in fury on the party. Further progress was impossible, and the travelers made themselves as comfortable as they could in a deep, dark ravine. After ten days, although the storm continued, Whitman resolved to continue his journey. Once out of the shelter of the ravine the fury of the storm overwhelmed them and they lost their way and wandered for hours. They tried to return to the camp in the ravine, but they could not find their tracks. Dr. Whitman knelt in the snow and asked for God's guidance and protection. When he rose from his knees, the guide noticed the action of the lead mule, which, after turning his long ears in various directions, began to plunge through the drifts. "Follow the mule—he'll get us through," the guide shouted. Sure enough, in two hours they were back at the camp in the ravine.

The guide refused to stay with the party longer, so Whitman went with him back to

"DR WHITMAN KNELT IN THE SNOW AND ASKED FOR GOD'S GUIDANCE AND PROTECTION"

Fort Uncompahgre for another guide. Mr. Lovejoy remained in charge of the saddle animals, and kept them alive on cotton-wood bark.

After seven days Whitman returned with the new guide, and the journey was resumed, only to be interrupted again by the Rio Grande, six hundred feet wide, but frozen only two hundred feet or so from either bank. Even in the summer season this is one of the most treacherous rivers in the West. The guide said the open stretch of water could not be crossed, but Whitman rode his horse into the icy flood. Mr. Lovejoy wrote in his journal:

"Away they went completely under water, horse and all, but directly came up, and after buffeting the waves and foaming current, he made for the ice on the opposite side, a long way down the stream, leaped upon the ice and soon had his noble animal by his side. The guide and I forced in the pack-mule and followed the Doctor's example, and were soon drying our frozen clothes by a comfortable fire."

This was the most trying experience of the journey. But there were more storms, and

more rivers to cross. It was one of the severest winters known. If the northern route had been taken it is doubtful if Whitman would ever have reached the Mississippi. As it was, feet and hands and ears were frozen. Again and yet again it seemed that the men must camp and wait for better weather. But each time Dr. Whitman argued, "I must be in Washington before March 4."

Food grew scarce. The faithful dog was eaten, then a mule was killed. Fortunately, the meat thus secured lasted till Santa Fe was reached.

What might have been a serious disaster overtook them while crossing the Arkansas River. The camp ax was lost—and the ax is even more important to the frontiersman than his gun. This is how it happened:

Whitman desired to cross the river to secure wood for fire to cook supper from the opposite bank; as there was not a stick where they stood. The ice was too thin to bear his weight, so he adopted a method familiar to boys. Pushing the ax before him, he wriggled himself across on his stomach. Plenty of wood was cut and brought across.

In some way the ax-handle was split dur-

ing the journey. Deerskin was wound about the break, and the ax was left under the edge of the tent. While the tired men slept a wolf stole into camp, was attracted by the deerskin, and to secure it, dragged the ax from the camp. It was never seen again.

Fortunately the distance to a settler's cabin where another ax could be secured was not great. But if the misfortune had occurred in the mountains of Colorado or New Mexico, the heroes might never have been seen again.

When he reached St. Louis he was sadly in need of rest, but he would not permit himself to stop. One who saw him as he passed through the city wrote this vivid description of his appearance:

"He was of medium height, more compact than spare, a stout shoulder, and large head not much above it, covered with stiff iron-gray hair, while his face carried all the mustache and whiskers that four months had been able to put on it. He carried himself awkwardly, though perhaps courteously enough for trappers, Indians, mules, and grizzlies, his principal company for six years. He wore coarse fur garments with buckskin

breeches. He had a buffalo overcoat, with a head hood for emergencies, with fur leggings and boot moccasins. His legs and feet fitted his Mexican stirrups."

In St. Louis Whitman learned that a month after he left Oregon the Senate had confirmed a treaty with England which arranged about a bit of the northeastern portion of the boundary line between Canada and the United States, but said nothing about Oregon. Then he was not too late! With grateful heart he hurried on. Mr. Lovejoy had been left far behind, completely exhausted, but Whitman could not rest, for he must reach Washington before March 4!

His determination enabled him to force his way through many obstacles, and he did finally reach Washington—on March 3, 1843!

With the directness of a man who knew just what he wanted, Whitman pleaded the cause of Oregon. He urged that at the very first opportunity an end be put to the period of joint occupation with Great Britain, and that the laws of the United States be put in force in the territory. He spoke of his regret that Oregon had not been mentioned in the treaty recently ratified, but he said he

hoped this error would be corrected at an early date. He told of the smiling, fertile land that was waiting for the settler, of his hope that settlers would come from America, and of his feeling that none would come till there was a stable government.

Before his return to Oregon he put in writing the substance of his arguments, outlined a plan for a territorial government under the United States, and told in detail of a practicable route for immigrant trains across the plains and the mountains. The documents were forwarded to Washington.

At once Whitman began a campaign to induce immigrants to return with him to Oregon in that very year. He was so successful that a large company was gathered. The plans for the start were made by Whitman, and he was the ever-present helper of the travelers. Dr. Spalding says of Whitman's activity on the trip westward:

"He was the ministering angel to the sick, helping the weary, encouraging the wavering, cheering the tired mothers, setting broken bones, and mending wagons. He was in the front, in the center, and in the rear. He was in the rivers hunting out fords through the

quicksand, in the desert places looking for water and grass, among the mountains hunting for passes never before trodden by white men. At noontide and at midnight he was on the alert as if the whole line was his own family, and as if all the flocks and herds were his own. For all this he never asked nor expected a dollar from any source, and especially did he feel repaid at the end, when, standing at his mission home, hundreds of his fellow pilgrims took him by the hand and thanked him with tears in their eyes for all he had done."

At Fort Hall Captain Grant, the servant of the Hudson Bay Company, tried to discourage the settlers from taking their wagons and farm tools with them. He pointed to a yard full of wagons and tools which other settlers had left behind. The immigrants were ready to do as he asked, till Whitman promised to help them through the mountains, wagons and all!

How he succeeded in the task he set himself may be judged from a single incident of the way, after Fort Hall had been left behind:

"When the immigrants reached the Snake

River, Dr. Whitman proceeded to fasten wagons together in one long string, the strongest in the lead. As soon as the teams were in position, he tied a rope around his waist and, starting his horse into the current, swam over. He called to others to follow him, and when they had force enough to pull at the rope, the lead team was started in, and all were drawn over in safety; as soon as the leading teams were able to get foothold on the bottom, all was safe, as they, guided by the strong arms of the men pulling at the rope, pulled the weaker ones along."

From the Snake River the caravan—one hundred and twenty-five wagons, one thousand head of cattle, sheep and horses, and about one thousand men, women, and children—went northwest, through the Blue Mountains and Grand Ronde and on to Wai-i-lat-pu.

And Oregon was won for the United States, won by a peaceful invasion. The immigrants, delighted by their new home, wrote home telling of the wonderful country. They wrote to congressmen and senators, urging the United States to make Oregon a part of the country. Everywhere there was discus-

sion of the question, "Do we want Oregon?" And at last Congress, bowing to public sentiment, concluded a treaty with Great Britain for the possession of the land already occupied.

Thus, on August 5, 1846, it came to pass that the Oregon Country—including the present States of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho and parts of Montana and Wyoming, more than thirty-four times as much territory as all of Massachusetts—found its way under the American flag!

America could claim the Oregon Country because of the discovery of the Columbia River by Gray, the exploration of Lewis and Clark, and the occupation by settlers and farmers. The account of Whitman's ride to Washington and his return with the immigrant party shows the important part he played in making the country a part of the United States.

The story of Whitman's Ride has been written in verse by Alice Wellington Rollins. Here is a part of the stirring poem:

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of a hero's ride that saved a State.
A midnight ride? Nay, child, for a year
He rode with a message that could not wait.

Eighteen hundred and forty-two;
No railroad then had gone crashing through
To the Western coast; not a telegraph wire
Had guided there the electric fire;
But a fire burned in one strong man's breast
For a beacon light. You shall hear the rest.

. . . . . .

"Twenty-four hours he stopped to think.
To think! Nay, then, if he thought at all,
He thought as he tightened his saddle-girth.
One tried companion, who would not shrink
From the worst to come; with a mule or two
To carry arms and supplies, would do,
With a guide as far as Fort Bent. And she,
The woman of proud, heroic worth,
Who must part from him, if she wept at all,
Wept as she gathered whatever he
Might need for the outfit on his way.
Fame for the man who rode that day
Into the wilds at his country's call;
And for her who waited for him a year
On that wild Pacific Coast, a tear!

. . . . . .

"It is December as they ride
Slowly across the Great Divide;
The blinding storm turns day to night,
And clogs their feet; the snowflakes roll
The winding-sheet about them; sight
Is darkened; faint the despairing soul,
No trail before or behind them. Spur
His horse? Nay, child, it were death to stir!
Motionless horse and rider stand,
Turning to stone; till one poor mule,

Pricking his ears as if to say
If they gave him rein he would find the way,
Found it and led them back, poor fool,
To last night's camp in that lonely land.

. . . . . .

"It was March when he rode at last
Into the streets of Washington.
The warning questions came thick and fast;
'Do you know that the British will colonize,
If you wait another year, Oregon
And the Northwest, thirty-four times the size
Of Massachusetts?' A courteous stare,
And the Government murmurs: 'Ah, indeed!
Pray, why do you think that we should care?
With Indian arrows and mountain snow
Between us, we never can colonize
The wild Northwest from the East, you know,
If you doubt it, why, we will let you read
The London *Examiner;* proofs enough
The Northwest is worth just a pinch of snuff.'

. . . . . .

"You know the rest. In the books you have read
That the British were not a year ahead.
The United States have kept Oregon,
Because of one Marcus Whitman. He
Rode eight thousand miles, and was not too late!
In a single hand, not a Nation's fate,
Perhaps; but a gift for the Nation, she
Would hardly part with it to-day, if we
May believe what the papers say upon
This great Northwest, that was Oregon."

GUNS AND TOMAHAWKS

CHAPTER X

GUNS AND TOMAHAWKS

The very Indians most benefited by the Mission, led by a miserable mixed-blood named Joe Lewis, who had been clothed and befriended by the Doctor, perpetrated the terrible crime.—MEANY.

Only a few months after the United States took possession of Oregon, there was evidence of something wrong in the lodges of the Cayuse at Wai-i-lat-pu, where the brave Whitman had again taken up his work. Instead of the usual activity, there was the silence of death, except when the medicine-men were busy with their incantations. The braves went to fish in the streams only when driven by hunger. When night came they did not gather together about the camp-fire for an hour of companionable talk before lying down to sleep; they kept to themselves. Their heads hung low. They muttered savage threats, and looked in the direction of

Whitman's mission. The squaws had no time to gossip with their neighbors, and when they had to come from the lodges to grind corn at the mill or to gather wood for the fires, they returned as speedily as possible. There was no sound of children's laughter; there were few children to be seen where usually they ran in troops about the camp.

As the days passed, the men who had been going out to fish and the women who had been busy with the most necessary camp work were seen no more. Other men and women took their places. But what was wrong with them? They were gaunt and hollow-eyed, and they tottered feebly as they walked. Yet they knew that they must keep moving, for there was work to be done. From nearly every lodge, they bore a burden wrapped in blankets and skins. They carried this without the camp. The burdens they carried were all the same shape, but they were not the same size. Some were as long as a man, others were about the size of a woman. Then there were bundles which made one think of a boy or a girl. And there were little bundles, so small that each one was

From "Marcus Whitman," copyright 1901, Silver, Burdett & Company.

MISSION STATION AT WAI-I-LAT-PU

UNIV. OF WASH.

carried without effort, usually by a squaw who alternately crooned and moaned, as if she were talking to her child.

Where were they going? What were they carrying? Where were all the children? What had become of the scores of men and women who, only a little while before, were in the camp?

Many of these were sick. And many more were dead. The strong had been nursing those who first fell sick; then the sick had risen to care for their nurses who took their places on the fur robes which were their beds, or to help in the sorrowful task of preparing for burial the men and women and children who had died.

Like a destroying wind the strange sickness ran its course. It was an epidemic of measles, and the Indians' sweat baths followed by cold baths killed even the strongest.[1] When the last patients had either tottered

[1] Their method of treating any disease of which fever was a part was to enter a pit into which hot rocks had been thrown, then casting water on the rocks to create a dense vapor, in which, stripped of clothing, they would remain until thoroughly steamed. Thence issuing stark naked and dripping with perspiration, they would plunge into an icy cold stream. Death was the almost inevitable result in cases of measles.—LYMAN, *The Columbia River*, 205.

from their beds or been carried without the camp, the survivors openly declared that the missionaries were responsible for their suffering. Dr. Whitman and his companions had been visiting the lodges during the sickness; they said they had come to help, but now the Cayuse decided they knew better. The missionaries wanted to kill the Cayuse that they might own the land! Why hadn't the poor Cayuse listened to those who, years before, told them that the missionaries were only waiting for a good chance to accomplish their purpose? The Cayuse had trusted the missionaries—and this was the result! The missionaries had used bad medicine, and the Cayuse were dead!

As they talked of their suspicions, they recalled the death of Clarissa Whitman, "the little white Cayuse Queen." They had felt at that time that something was wrong. They spoke of the mysterious deaths of boys and girls in the mission school. They told of the sufferings from malaria, and they charged every death for years to the evil influence of the missionaries. They said that the missionaries worked cautiously in those days, and had been content to kill only one at a

time! But now they had grown bold and they had tried to destroy the camp at one blow!

Again and again Marcus Whitman and his associates had explained to the Cayuse that much of their sickness was caused by failure to take care of themselves, or by unwise eating, as, for instance, when they feasted on melons stolen from the patch at the mission. Then their barbarous way of treating the sick was responsible for the death of many who might have recovered. Once they had listened respectfully to explanations. But now their eyes were opened, and they knew that the explanations so carefully given were only a part of the awful plot to put them all to death!

Their anger was so terrible as they thought of their wrongs that they were ready to listen to one who cried:

"Let the white medicine-men die!"

The cry was taken up. It was repeated not only by those who had refused to listen to the missionaries, but by many who had been closely associated with them for eleven years. Even members of the church in which Marcus Whitman was an elder, were carried away

and mingled her tears with his blood. It was all she could do.

"John Sager, who was sitting by the Doctor when he received the first blow, drew his pistol, but his arm was seized, the room filling with Indians, and his head was cut to pieces. He lingered till near night. Mr. Rogers, attacked at the water, escaped with a broken arm and wound in the head, and rushing into the house, shut the door. The Indians seemed to have left the house now to assist in murdering others. Mr. Kimball, with a broken arm, rushed in; both secreted themselves up-stairs.

"Mrs. Whitman in anguish, now bending over her dying husband and now over the sick; now comforting the flying, screaming children, was passing by the window, when she received the first shot in her right breast, and fell to the floor. She immediately arose and kneeled by the settee on which lay her bleeding husband, and commended her soul to God, and prayed for her children who were about to be made a second time orphans.

"In the meantime the doors and windows were broken in and the Indians entered and commenced plundering, but they feared to go

into the chamber. They called for Mrs. Whitman and Mr. Rogers to come down and promised they should not be hurt. This promise was often repeated, and they came down. Mrs. Whitman, faint with the loss of blood, was carried on a settee to the door."

A few moments later Mrs. Whitman was killed as she lay on the settee, pierced by many bullets. Then she was scalped by an Indian named Tam-suk-y. Mr. Rogers was shot at the same time. The children who crowded into the corners were saved from death by the appeal of an Indian more humane than the rest who cried, "Do not shoot the children."

This was only the beginning. The Cayuse, assisted by the Walla Wallas, rushed to the houses of the settlers, and killed a number of them. In all fourteen were slain, nine the first day, but the fate of those who died then was more fortunate than that of many of the party, women and children carried away captive by the murderers. A number of the captives died. The others were ransomed after two awful weeks, through the authority and generosity of the Hudson Bay Company.

The five men who succeeded in escaping

from the station on that day of awful slaughter did not rest till they had stirred up the United States authorities to apprehend the leaders among the murderers. Tam-suk-y was killed at the moment of arrest. Five others arrested with him were executed more than two years after the tragedy.

This was the end of the Wai-i-lat-pu mission. The missionaries were dead or scattered, and the Indians speedily vanished—driven away by the avenging settlers.

In later years the murderers of Whitman frequently heard the sneer, "They belong to the tribe that killed Whitman." From this taunt there was relief for none but those who listened to the appeals of missionaries and gave themselves to Christ.

The revenge of the Wai-i-lat-pu Indians spread to some of the wilder spirits among the Nez Percés at Lapwai. Dr. Spalding learned of the danger when he was on his way to Wai-i-lat-pu to assist Dr. Whitman in caring for the sick Indians. When forty miles from his destination he met a rider who told him of the destruction of his friends. At once he turned and rode back to Lapwai as fast as his horse could carry him.

From "Marcus Whitman," copyright 1901, Silver, Burdett & Company.

THE FIRST GRAVE OF THE MARTYRS

LEE MISSION CEMETERY

UNIV. OF MICH.

But before he could reach her Mrs. Spalding heard the news from a settler who had escaped from Wai-i-lat-pu. He urged her to flee before the Nez Percés heard of it. But she trusted her Indians, and told them herself. Their sorrow was great, especially when they thought that Dr. Spalding might have reached the field of bloodshed and have been among the victims.

On Sunday morning several of the Nez Percés who had shown themselves most friendly to the Spaldings besought her to flee with her children to their camp. They told her they had heard threats against the family.

Mrs. Spalding longed to be in safety. Her heart yearned for her children. But she stopped to think that it was Sunday. For years she had been teaching the Indians to keep the Sabbath holy. What impression would be made on their minds if she should be seen moving to the camp on that day? Her resolution was taken promptly. So she replied firmly:

"I will not flee on the Sabbath day. The Lord can take care of me here."

But early on Monday the Indian friends

were back again. This time she went with them.

And she was just in time. The aroused Indians rushed upon her house, but found it empty. In their anger at the escape of Mrs. Spalding, they carried away many articles and destroyed many others.

As Dr. Spalding returned he feared the worst, but when he found his loved ones safe at the Nez Percés' camp, his heart overflowed with joy. The reunited family returned to their home, only to be driven from it once more when the Cayuse War, brought on by the Whitman massacre, broke up all the mission stations in the region. Then, under guard of forty faithful Nez Percés, he took his family to Fort Walla Walla. It was his joy to return to his work after many years' absence, but Mrs. Spalding died four years later. Her most lasting monument was built in the hearts of the Nez Percés who, when asked why they keep the Sabbath, sometimes tell the story of her refusal to flee for her life on the Sabbath day.

When the heroes and martyrs of Oregon are named, Jason Lee should be given a place among them. While it is true that he was

not called upon to suffer a violent death at the hands of the Indians, his life was sacrificed in the interests of the work he loved. When, in 1844—three years before the Whitman massacre—he went East for the last time, he was worn out by exposure, exhausted by the strain of his work, and an easy victim of disease. In his native town, Stanstead, Connecticut, he preached his last sermon in November, 1844. Those who looked on his wasted form shook their heads; they felt that he could never return to Oregon as he longed to do.

They were right. On March 12, 1845, he fell asleep. He was only forty-one years old. But how much he had accomplished in his short life!

Although he was buried in Connecticut, his body in 1906 was taken back to the country for which he gave his life.

MONUMENTS MORE LASTING THAN BRASS

CHAPTER XI

MONUMENTS MORE LASTING THAN BRASS

The missionaries, Lee and Whitman, bore each his part, and a great one, in the great final result. It is not too much to say that of the various lines of influence by which the valley of the Columbia became American territory, that of missions was one of the strongest.—LYMAN.

In 1893 Miss Sue McBeth, one of the successors of Dr. Spalding at Lapwai, had completed a dictionary and grammar in Nez Percé. When she died she left directions that these should be sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

The manuscripts were packed in a box and delivered to the express company, which planned to carry it by river steamer, then by rail. The steamer was wrecked, and the box disappeared. Anxious inquiries were made for it, but there seemed no hope of recovering the precious documents.

A farmer who lived some miles below the spot where the steamer was lost—the only

farmer on the river from the source to the mouth—was attracted by many floating boxes and bales. Among these he saw a red box. He had allowed other things to float past, but for some reason he felt that the box must be rescued. He plunged into the river on horseback, as he went making a noose in the rope attached to the saddle. With this he succeeded in lassoing the box just as it was entering some rapids where it would have been dashed to pieces. He pulled it ashore, opened it, recognized the Nez Percé characters which he had learned from Miss McBeth, and decided that the manuscript must belong to the mission. In order that he might restore it in as good condition as possible, he separated the pages and spread them out to dry. Then the pages were put in order once more, and the box was sent on its way.

This story of the disappearance and providential preservation of the manuscript in the red box is a picture of the preservation of the work of Oregon's pioneer missionaries through the years succeeding the interruption of missionary work caused by the massacre at Wai-i-lat-pu and the Indian wars that followed. Perhaps it seemed for a time that

the work had been done in vain. Many thought that it had left behind no more trace than a stick when it is withdrawn from the water into which it has been thrust. But all the time God was taking care of the work. He did not permit the efforts of faithful men and women to be lost. And so from time to time the exclamation has been made by persons who have been studying events in Oregon and Washington and Idaho, "Why, this is a result of the mission work done sixty or seventy years ago by those missionary pioneers!" As the years pass there is more and more recognition of the fact that Jason Lee and Marcus Whitman and Dr. Spalding and their wives and associates are still speaking in that Western land through the descendants of those who were inspired by them to live for God.

Some of the churches in which the pioneers preached and worshiped have disappeared, but in all parts of Oregon and Washington are other churches, which were founded through the agency of the early immigrants. As the immigrant trains passed by Wai-i-lat-pu, or The Dalles, they talked with the missionaries. Many of them were welcomed

to the homes of the missionaries because they were sick or weary or lonely. The thought of the earnest lives of these men and women would remain with the visitors as they went on to begin their battle with the wilderness, and the new homes would be blessed by the memory. Many a man who had grown careless during the long, rough journey across the plains and over the mountains would be turned back to a useful life because of a kind word or a loving deed. Many a woman who had felt that there was no use trying to be a Christian under the new conditions would take fresh courage, as she watched gentle Mrs. Whitman or faithful Mrs. Spalding teaching the Indians or ministering to the sick or caring for the orphan children of emigrants. True Christian example was touching life after life among incoming settlers.

And when other immigrants came who did not stop at the mission station, they would make their homes among neighbors who had been strengthened in Christian faith or held back from evil courses by the influence of the missionaries. The presence of these neighbors would have its effect, until gradually there would be communities where Christians

were respected and careless living was frowned upon.

Churches organized in many such communities owed their inspiration to missionaries who had never seen the towns in which they were planted. In fact, it would be no more than just to say that every church spire in the Oregon of to-day is a monument to the early missionaries.

Some of the far-reaching results of the work among the Indians can be more definitely traced. When Dr. Spalding left Lapwai in 1847, he feared that the work of years would go for nothing. But eight years after his departure visitors to the Indians at Lapwai found that in the lodges of hundreds there was regular morning and evening family worship, while there was public worship on Sunday.

In the homes and in the church the Nez Percés rejoiced to sing the hymns and read the book of Matthew which Mrs. Spalding had first translated and then printed on the press sent to the mission from the Sandwich Islands. And all this when there was no missionary to guide them! A few of their own number pleaded with the Indians to be faith-

ful. "When Dr. Spalding comes back he must find us living as he taught us," they would say.

But there came a period when the pleas of the leaders seemed to be unheard. An Indian agency was established where the Lapwai Creek joined the Clearwater, and with it came evil influences. Rough men among the soldiers and those who followed the army tempted the Indians, and they fell. They were encouraged in drinking, swearing, gambling, and lying. Still they kept up their custom of family prayers, the blessing at table, and the Sunday gatherings for worship. These observances seemed to be only a form, however. Were the Indians forgetting? Those who knew them then say that while they may have forgotten some of the commandments, parents were particular to keep before the minds of their children, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," "Thou shalt not kill," and "Thou shalt not steal."

There came a day in 1870 when four young Yakima braves came to the camp of the Nez Percés. They had been trained by Mr. Wilbur, a missionary on the Yakima reservation. When they saw the way the Nez Percés were

living, they were much troubled; it seemed to them awful that men and women who prayed and sang hymns and went to church should drink with the lowest of the white men. The young men talked to one another about the bad things they saw, and they said that something must be done. But what could be done? There ought to be a missionary there to teach the men and women better ways. Yet where could they get a missionary?

While they were puzzling over their problem, the most earnest of the young men said:

"We must be missionaries here. Father Wilbur said to us we must tell others about Jesus."

Then those four young Indians began to preach to the Nez Percés. At first there were only a few who came to hear. They were angry. Why should these Yakimas talk to them as if they were bad men? They were Christians! But as the young men preached on, they had less to say. They went home and told their friends about the meetings. More and more people came to hear the gospel. Some of them came to make fun of the speakers, but before long they were on their knees praying, crying out to God for for-

giveness and strength to lead a better life. So great was their sorrow for sin that men sobbed with the women. The spot where the meetings were held is still known as "the place of weeping." They threw away their bottles, their pipes, and the feathers and tails of animals which they carried with them as charms to drive away evil spirits. Many who had forgotten the lesson the missionaries taught them about marriage stood up and were married in meeting. They were not sure that the Yakima leaders could marry them, but they could not wait till a missionary should come.

The people afterward showed by their lives that they were in earnest. Thirty years later, when there were six churches among the Nez Percés, there were members in each of these who had become Christians when the four consecrated Yakimas preached the gospel at Lapwai.

All these years Dr. Spalding had not been far away, longing for the chance to return to his people at Lapwai. Twenty-four years he waited. Then came the news of the great meeting and its results. A strong hand was needed to guide the converts. Dr. Spalding

felt that he must go at once. So, in 1871, he was again among the Indians who were showing that they had not forgotten the lessons learned in the mission school and the church so long ago. The seed sown then had only been buried out of sight. Now it was springing into life.

Dr. Spalding was nearly seventy years old, but he rode about as if he were twenty years younger. He preached in many places, he visited in the homes of the Indians, he received them to membership in the churches. They came by scores and by hundreds. The revival begun before his arrival continued for years. Two years after his coming he had received into the church at Lapwai 155 men and 189 women, into the church at Kamiah, 123 men and 188 women, into the church at Spokane, 112 men and 141 women. He spoke of all these members as if they belonged to the old first church of Oregon, organized at Wai-i-lat-pu in 1838. Perhaps he was right, for the Nez Percé churches all grew out of the work done by Whitman and his associates in that church.

But the Wai-i-lat-pu church had had a still wider influence. Not only did these three

churches grow out of it, but three more churches among the Nez Percés, two among the Spokanes, one among the Umatillas, one among the Shoshones of southern Idaho, and one among the Shivwits of Utah.

A few years ago one who lived at Lapwai spoke of the fact that on a Sunday morning, from the top of a high hill, one could look this way and that and see the ponies with their riders descending the steep hillsides, and count the spring wagons emerging from the canyons. All trails led to the church, and every trail was thronged.

The churches have Indian officers and Indian ministers. Early in the service they repeat their version of The Lord's Prayer:

1. Nunim Pisht Aishniwashpa imim wanikt hautnin Kam watu.
2. Imim miohatoit ki anashapautsasham, Imim Kutki anashapautsam uyikashliph Ka Kush aishniwashpa, hikutanih.
3. Taka lahaipa hipt natsnim taksain.
4. Nuna wasatiai nashwaunim Ka Kush nun titokana wasatiai awaunaitanih.
5. Wat mat anashtahinawiyukum nuna, matu taklai nuna shapakapshish wiatupkinih

natsnahwuinukum: Imim awam inakanikt, imim awam Kapskapsnawit, imim awam siskeiwit Kunku. Amen.[1]

And then they sing in their own tongue, the old church hymns, hundreds of which have been translated for them. A favorite with all is "The Lord Is My Shepherd".

1. Lord hewash inim suptiumkawat,
   In watu hiyahnu,
   Ipnim sapatamaliku ina
   Yos-yospa tsik-tsikpa.

2. Ipnim hetelkakiku ina
   Kots-allie.
   Inim wakaswit heleulimkanu
   Ipnimki wanekitki.

3. Sekounie ipskekiku
   Tinkinim poholpa,
   Im ah wiatwatsam ina;
   Inim Jakin sapahipstuenash.

[1] This version and that of the hymn which follows conform to the rendering given in Kate C. McBeth, *The Nez Percés Since Lewis and Clark*, 251, 252.

4. Ekuin taatswit wah misheyoukt,
Tewiktatasha ina;
In touyaneku Lordnim Init
Kunku wah kunku.

For many years there was no one who took more delight in the singing than old elder Billy Williams, the man who listened to Dr. Spalding's advice to plant potatoes and won his wife because of the splendid crop he gathered. Often Billy was asked to sing the church hymns for visitors. Once Miss Fletcher, a teacher in the Lapwai school, asked him to sing one of the heathen songs. A look of determination came into his face as he answered, "I love Miss Fletcher, but I cannot do that without hurt to my own soul."

In his early life Billy was so eager for Bible instruction that once he traveled sixty miles to a missionary teacher with fifty-two Bible pictures—one for each Sunday in the year—carefully wrapped in a large handkerchief. He asked to have them explained. The teacher agreed to do this if he would come to her for a little while every evening. He agreed to stay near by, then listened to his lesson every evening and went home to

ELDER BILLY WILLIAMS

"Who listened to Dr. Spalding's advice to plant potatoes and won his wife"

UNIV. OF MICH.

think far into the night of what he had been told.

Because there were many Indians as sincere as Billy, the Indian churches have put to shame many white settlers near, and these have resolved to live purer lives.

Oregon's first schools as well as her first churches grew directly out of the work of the pioneer missionaries. The primitive school opened by Cyrus Shepard in 1834, as soon as he and Jason Lee were able to throw a building together, prospered from the day the first curious Indian boys and girls entered its doors. After a while, when without further facilities, it seemed impossible to teach the Indians the joy of laboring with their hands, the Manual Labor School was opened. There the boys were shown the mysteries of carpentering and painting and blacksmithing, and the girls were taught to sew, to cook, to weave baskets, and to do many other useful things.

The Indians grew fewer and fewer as the settlers came in from the East. The Manual Labor School was almost deserted. A school was needed in its place for the boys and girls of American parents, many of whom hesita-

ted to go to the new land because there were no schools. To help these boys and girls and the boys and girls who would come in later years the Oregon Institute was opened at Salem—the first school for higher education on the Pacific Coast.

Many said it was foolish to open such a school. They asked where the pupils were to come from. There were less than ten thousand people in all of what is now Washington and Oregon. There was no Portland, no Seattle, no Tacoma. The largest town in the whole country held less than four hundred people. There were practically no roads. One of the first teachers who came to the Institute was obliged to reach it by canoe and ox-cart.

But the people who had seen the work of the Shepard Indian School and Manual Labor School said that the Institute was needed as much as those others had been needed. And the school was opened. Hundreds of boys and girls were trained there and sent out into homes all over the Oregon Country.

As the school had become the Institute, so the Institute became the University. Willamette University was founded at Salem to

OREGON INSTITUTE
The first school for higher education on the Pacific Coast

EATON HALL
One of the buildings of Willamette University

train the young people sent to it from academies like that at Portland, which was opened when the city had less than one hundred population.

The site of the school at Wai-i-lat-pu has become the site of a college. For a few years after Whitman's massacre the site of the mission was deserted. Then one who had known Marcus Whitman and his wife, the Rev. Cushing Eells, visited the grave of the martyrs. At first he thought there should be a great monument there. Then he thought that his martyred friend, if he could choose, would prefer that a Christian high school open to boys and girls, should be built near the spot where he gave his life for his Indians.

So Mr. Eells bought the farm on which Mr. and Mrs. Whitman had settled more than twenty years before, and near it in the village of Walla Walla he planned to open Whitman Seminary. He toiled on the farm to raise money to pay for the building. He plowed, he reaped, he cut cordwood, and as he worked he thought with joy that he was so much nearer the accomplishing of his dream. Mrs. Eells made butter and raised

chickens in order that she might add to the fund. And when husband and wife grew weary they needed only to go to the door of the house and look out at the grave where the body of Whitman lay, to gain fresh strength for their work.

After five years of labor on the farm Mr. and Mrs. Eells had saved four thousand dollars. Then they were ready to plan for the first building of the Seminary. The school grew and became a college into whose halls come yearly scores of young men and women who are taught the lessons that will make them want to go out into the world and carry on the work of the martyrs whose grave is so near at hand.

The monuments of the pioneer missionaries have not merely been carved in marble; they are to be found in the churches and schools of the great Northwest, and in the lives of the people who enter their doors.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON
Membership about 5,000

CHAPTER XII

THE COUNTRY WON

Had it not been for the missionary operations among the Indians in Oregon, it is likely that we might never have secured permanently any of the Oregon territory, or, if any, only that which lies south of the Columbia River.—MOWRY.

Those statesmen at Washington, who thought that the Oregon Country was a worthless tract of mountain and desert should look at the "worthless tract" to-day! They would indeed see lofty mountains with snow-clad summits and glacier-covered sides, great river gorges like that of the Columbia, whose cliffs are four or five thousand feet high, which would lead them to think that they were right in their contempt for Oregon. But if they could look on the smiling valleys, the fertile fields, the placid lakes, and the great rivers, they would not be surprised to see the populous towns and cities.

It was long thought by those who knew nothing of the country that the weather must

be very hot in summer and very cold in winter. Yet settlers west of the Cascades have found that the climate in the valleys is more like that of parts of California or Florida. Where snow falls it is quickly melted by the warm Chinook winds from the Pacific. There is rain in abundance, but most of it falls in the winter; and it is all needed to prepare the land for the abundant harvests yielded. East of the Cascades the climate is more like that of Central New York.

Visitors are astonished by the size of the Oregon Country. Perhaps the best way to realize the truth is to look at a map of other parts of the United States. If one should take all the New England States and should imagine three Delawares and the District of Columbia added to them, he would have a notion of the size of Washington. He will find that Oregon is larger than New York, Pennsylvania, and Rhode Island if they were joined together.

The distance from the southern line of Oregon to the British Columbia line—across the two States of Oregon and Washington—is the same as the distance from New York City west to Toledo, or from Quebec to the

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western end of Lake Ontario, or from Hamburg, Germany, to Bern, Switzerland.

Of course much of this vast territory is mountainous, but a large proportion is made up of some of the richest land in the world. East of the mountains is a region called "The Great Inland Empire," more than twice the size of New England, which, until a generation ago, was thought to be a desert waste. That section has become one of the largest and richest grain fields on earth. It was found that the land needed nothing but water to change it from a desert to a garden, and there was water in abundance from the melting snows on the mountains. Men had only to build reservoirs to store the water and ditches to convey it to the waiting fields, and the transformation came. One can easily see the difference made by the water by going to a spot where the ditches stop. On one side of him he will see crops growing luxuriantly; on the other side he will see nothing but the sage-brush desert.

One of the most barren places was long used by the people of a mining town as a dump heap. They laughed when they heard that some men from Boston had bought three

hundred acres of the despised land and were planning to irrigate it. But they did not laugh when they saw the sage-brush disappear and orchards of apple, peach, and cherry trees take its place. The fruit ripened earlier there than elsewhere in the West. Those three hundred acres soon became one of the richest parts of what has been called "The World's Fruit Basket."

Millions of acres are covered by immense forests—the largest forests in the country. Hundreds of sawmills are cutting the trees into lumber for use all over the world, yet there are trees enough to last at the present rate of consumption until 1960. Wise men are asking the owners of the timber to be careful in the way they cut it and to plant new trees in the place of those they cut down, in order that these forests may last forever, for the benefit of future generations.

The rivers down which the missionaries made their way from the mountains to the sea are as abundant in their gifts as the mines. If all the salmon taken from the Columbia in thirty years could have been loaded on freight cars at one time, the cars would make a train two hundred and eighty miles long.

These fish sold for enough to build a railroad from New York to San Francisco.

On the rivers and in the valleys are towns and cities whose rapid growth is the wonder of the nation. Prosperous towns and villages are everywhere, several of them in spots made sacred by the homes of missionaries. Through the towns and cities great transcontinental railways have been built. Some of these lead to Puget Sound, an arm of the sea as large as several counties. Its waters are so deep that they give safe refuge to the largest vessels as these take on their cargoes for Asia.

Those who have studied that great region say that some day fifty million people will make their homes there—as many as lived in the entire United States in 1880, or as now live in Canada and Great Britain.

And this was the country which men once said was so worthless that they would not take it as a free gift!

Jason Lee, Marcus Whitman, and the men and women of faith who worked with them, had a very different notion. Because of God's blessing on their vision and their work, the great Northwest which Lewis and

Clark had visited in 1805 was won for the United States.

In 1905 the people of the old Oregon country held at Portland, Oregon, a great exposition to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of this exploring tour of Lewis and Clark. It was the purpose of those who planned the exposition to call the attention of the world to the wonders of the States of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho, which have been carved out of the Oregon territory. There were comparatively few who realized that attention would be called also to the beginnings of Christian missions in Oregon, or to the fact that the first missionaries gave the country its start as a part of the nation as well as a part of Christ's kingdom. But the eyes of many were opened and their hearts were lifted in praise to God as they read the thrilling and inspiring story of the early days of consecrated service and willing martyrdom.

What wonder if there are to-day in those States thousands who thank God that they live in a part of the country that was molded for Christian civilization by servants of the King! What wonder that those whose eyes have been opened love the cause of missions

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and eagerly take their part in sending the gospel to people who have not heard it!

Among the tens of thousands of visitors who went to the Pacific Northwest during the exposition there were those to whom the wonders of the land meant far more than to the average tourist, for they were thinking of the missionary pioneers whose faithful lives had made all this region holy ground. As they crossed the snow-clad mountains they thought of Whitman's winter ride, when he was buffeted by storm, and was lost in the wilderness. As they passed down the valley of the Willamette, they pictured Jason Lee's lonely life and his perilous canoe trips through the rapids and among the cascades. When they looked on the fertile farms well supplied with cattle and implements, they had a vivid picture of the six-hundred-mile trip to California in search of Oregon's first cattle; of the persistent pioneer who would not be kept from taking the first wagon over the mountains; of the long train of wagons that followed, and their burden of men and women and children; of the missionaries who led the way for these travelers, and the wives who welcomed to their homes the sick and the

orphans. And as they beheld comfortable homes in secluded valleys or in busy cities and towns, they thought of the brave woman whose heart leaped for joy when—with the sound of howling wolves in her ears—she entered her log house with one room, and without windows or doors!

There were thoughtful pilgrims who went out of their way to stand for a little while at the peaceful spot where rest the bodies of the missionaries martyred at Wai-i-lat-pu. Reverently they read the inscription on the monument erected by grateful Christians. There must have been some who thought of the inscription carved on a tablet in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to the memory of Christopher Wren, the architect of the great structure: "Si quaeris monumentum, circumspice!" ("If you seek his monument, look around you!")

The monument of Whitman, and Lee, and Spalding, and Gray, and all the rest of the missionaries who gladly laid down their lives for the people of the Oregon Country, is the great valley of the Columbia. That region was won for Christ by their works of faith, their labors of love.

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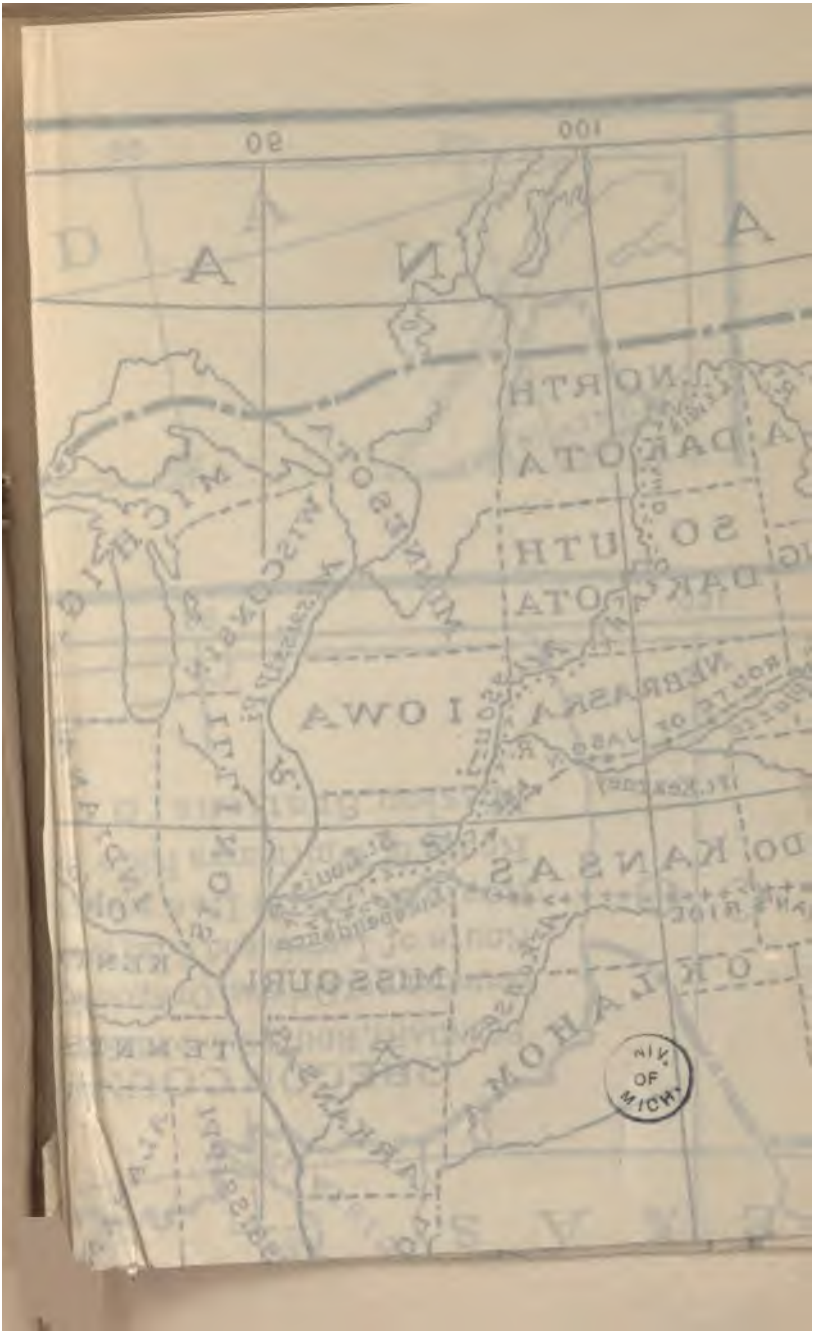
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